

SHERIDAN AND KOTZEBUE.

THE ENTERPRISING ADVENTURES OF PIZARRO,

PRECEDED BY A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE VOYAGES
AND DISCOVERIES OF
COLUMBUS AND CORTEZ:

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED
THE HISTORIES OF ALONZO AND CORA,

On which Kotzebue founded his two celebrated Plays of
THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN AND THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

ALSO

VARIETIES AND OPPOSITIONS OF CRITICISMS ON

The *PLAY* of *PIZARRO*:

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF
SHERIDAN AND KOTZEBUE.

THE WHOLE FORMING A COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNT OF THOSE PLAYS
AND THE GRAND BALLADS OF

CORA, — AND ROLLA AND CORA,
AT THE ROYAL CIRCUS, AND ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

"Nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice."

Dedicated to R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

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ENTERING AND RETURNING

P. 1. 1. 1.

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THE HISTORICAL

THE HISTORY OF

THE TALK OF

THE HISTORY OF

CORRECTION

AT THE HOUSE OF

THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF

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THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF

DEDICATION.

To HIM, whose *genius* and *talents* appear nobly pre-eminent by a comparison with the *celebrated* German dramatist, I beg leave to inscribe the present production, and declare myself

His most obedient and
devoted humble Servant,

JOHN BRITTON.

THE FRONTISPIECE

Represents *Mr. Kemble*, in the character of Rolla, rescuing Alonzo's child from Pizarro. In the background, a water-fall, craggy rocks, and the bridge over which Rolla passes, in escaping from the Spanish tyrants. Of the execution it is unnecessary to expatiate. I trust it will give that *general satisfaction* which I am emulous to confer. *Mr. Thurston*, a young artist of the *first-rate abilities* as a designer, has displayed his *usual taste and judgement* in delineating the characters and scene; and a comparison will prove how far *Mr. Storer* has done justice to the drawing. In this, as in all other works, which I may hereafter publish, *impartiality and candour shall invariably* characterize my writings; and an anxious and *enthusiastic ambition* to display *elegant and truly-appropriate embellishments* will make me critically particular with my *designer and engraver*; by which means I *will* deserve; and I hope *shall acquire*, the approbation of the *connoisseur and the critic*.

P R E F A C E.

IN investigating the adventures of Pizarro, I have consulted most authors who have written upon the American conquest and history. If, in any instance, I have mis-stated a fact or inserted an erroneous circumstance, I should feel a sorrowful compunction; but, from the conviction of not having erred wilfully, and as most of my authorities are derived from the learned and indefatigable Dr. Robertson, I transcribe them with a pleasing confidence. This hero's dramatic notoriety induced me to undertake the present work, which I flatter myself may prove doubly useful; tending to direct every reflecting mind to historic inquiry, and to furnish an *extensive acquaintance* with the present popular subject. The examples of humanity, philanthropy, loyalty, and virtue, in the characters of Las-Casas, Alonzo, and Rolla, must excite our admiration; and, as people are frequently induced to practise what they admire, the promulgation of such precepts cannot injure the morals or corrupt the heart of any man.

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THE
ENTERPRISING ADVENTURES
OF
PIZARRO.

CHAP. I.

The Voyages of Columbus. — Difficulties he had to surmount. — Discoveries. — Carried to Europe in chains. — Death.

THE persons, who have most particularly distinguished themselves in the discovery and history of America, are Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro.

Columbus, who was a native of Genoa, a man of an enterprising genius, and possessed talents eminently superior to the generality of mankind in that barbarous age, formed a design of sailing westward to the Indies. This scheme he communicated to his countrymen, whose ignorance of the true figure of the earth caused them to reject it as chimerical and absurd. Disappointed in his expectations of obtaining assistance from his countrymen, he retired from Genoa and went

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to France; where, laying his plan before the court, his reception was still more mortifying; for, according to the practice of the French people at that period, his scheme was laughed at, and he ridiculed. Henry the Seventh of England was the next person to whom he applied; but the cautious politics of that prince was totally inimical to the furtherance of such an uncertain design. The Portuguese about this time having made several voyages of discoveries to the coasts of Africa, he was induced to make application to the court of Lisbon, but with no better success; for, he was again disappointed.

Spain now was his only resource; and there, after EIGHT YEARS' attendance, he succeeded, chiefly through the interest of Queen Isabella. Columbus set sail anno 1492, with only three ships, upon the most adventurous attempt ever undertaken by man, and in the fate of which the inhabitants of two worlds were so materially interested. — As might reasonably be supposed, he had many difficulties to encounter; particularly the variation of the needle, the discontent and mutiny of his sailors, strange seas, &c. But the firmness and courage of the commander surmounted all obstacles. After a voyage of thirty-three days he landed on one of the Bahama islands, but, to his sorrow, discovered, from the poverty of the islanders, that the Indies he was in quest of was still at a distance. Steering southward, he found the island of Hispaniola, which bore a more pleasing appearance. Here he left part of his crew, and returned to Spain to obtain necessary reinforcements. The court of Spain, pleased with the prospect, and eager to encourage an undertaking which now seemed

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to promise so much, immediately prepared a fleet of seventeen sail, with all necessaries for conquest or discovery, and one thousand five hundred men, among whom were several of high rank and fortune. — With this fleet Columbus returned to Hispaniola, established a colony, and erected forts on the most favourable situations for securing the dependance of the natives. Soon afterwards he embarked to pursue his discoveries; and, in sailing along the shore of Cuba, was entangled in a multitude of islands, of which he reckoned one hundred and sixty in one day. These islands, which were well inhabited and abounded in all the necessaries of life, he called *Jardin de la Reine*, or the *Queen's Garden*, in gratitude to his royal benefactress, who was always uppermost in his memory. In the same voyage Jamaica was discovered. — By the first success of this great man, the public diffidence was turned into admiration; but, by a continuance of the same success, admiration degenerated into envy. His enemies in Spain set every engine at work to accomplish his ruin. An officer was sent to act as a spy and informer; whose presence plainly indicated to Columbus the necessity of returning to Europe to obviate the objections or calumny of his enemies.

With considerable difficulty he obtained permission to set out on a third expedition, which proved more famous than either of the former. After encountering many difficulties, they passed the island of Trinidad and two others, which lie near the mouth of the river Oronoko. And here the admiral was surprised with a singular appearance, which was, the tumult of the waves, occasioned by a conflict between the tide of the sea and the rapid current of the immense river Oronoko. In this

voyage he was convinced of having discovered the continent, and therefore yielded to the entreaty of his crew, and returned to Hispaniola. In the course of this discovery, Columbus landed at several places; where, in a friendly manner, he traded with the inhabitants, and found gold and pearl in tolerable plenty. — About this period, the spirit of discovery spread itself widely, and many adventurers all over Europe wished to acquire the reputation of Columbus without possessing his abilities. The Portuguese discovered Brazil, which makes at present the most valuable part of their possessions. CABOT, a native of Bristol, discovered the north-east coasts, which *now* compose the *United States* in North America. Amerigo Vespucci, a merchant of Florence, sailed to the southern continent of America; and, being a man of address and considerable cunning, had the honour of giving his name to half the globe. The being deprived of this honour was one of the *smallest* mortifications to which Columbus was obliged to submit; for, such were the clamours of his enemies and the ingratitude of the court of Spain, that, after discovering the continent, and making settlements in the islands of America, he was treated like a traitor, and carried over to Europe in chains. He enjoyed, however, the glory of rendering the one half of the world known to the other; a glory so much the more precious as it was untainted by the cruelty and plunder, which disfigured the exploits of those who pursued him in discovery. He fully vindicated himself at court, was restored to favour, and undertook another voyage, in which he suffered great fatigues and distresses. He returned to Spain, and died at Valladolid, in 1506, and in the 59th year of his age.

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The succeeding governors of Cuba and Hispaniola endeavoured to purchase the same advantages, by the blood of the natives, which Columbus had obtained by his good sense and humanity. These islands contained mines of gold. The Indians only knew where they were situated; and the extreme avarice of the Spaniards, too furious to work by the gentle means of persuasion, hurried them to acts of the most shocking violence and cruelty against those unhappy people, who they believed concealed from them a part of their treasures. The slaughter once begun, they set no bounds to their fury. In a few years they depopulated Hispaniola, which contained three millions of inhabitants; and Cuba, that had about six hundred thousand. Bartholomew de Las-Casas, a witness of those barbarous massacres, says, that the Spaniards went out with their dogs to hunt after men. The unhappy savages, almost naked and unarmed, were pursued, like deer, into the thick recesses of the forests; devoured by dogs, killed by gun-shot, or surpris'd and burnt in their habitations.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

The voyage of Cortez. — Arrival at the coast of Mexico.

— Terror excited by the Spanish guns. — Montezuma's passive subjection to Cortez. — Pretext for commencing hostilities. — Montezuma made prisoner. — Killed. — Cortez established in Mexico.

FERNANDO CORTEZ, being dispatched from Cuba with six hundred and seventeen men, eighteen horses, and a small number of field-pieces, proposed, with this inconsiderable force, to subdue the most powerful state on the continent of America. This was the empire of Mexico; rich, powerful, and inhabited by millions of Indians, passionately fond of war, and then headed by Montezuma, whose fame in arms struck terror in the neighbouring nations. — Never history, to be true, was more improbable and romantic than that of this war. The empire of Mexico had existed for ages. Its inhabitants were not a rude and barbarous, but a polished and intelligent, people. Mexico, the capital of the empire, situated in the middle of a spacious lake, was the noblest monument of American industry. It communicated to the continent by immense causeways, which were carried through the lake. The city was admired for its buildings, all of stone, its squares, and market-places; the shops which glittered with gold and silver, and the sumptuous palaces of Montezuma, some erected on columns of jasper, and containing whatever was most rare, curious,

curious, and useful. Cortez, in his march along the coast of Mexico, experienced but little opposition. The natives were terrified at the appearance of the warlike animals, on which the Spanish officers were mounted. The *artificial thunder* which issued from their hands, and the wooden castles which had wafted them over the ocean, struck a panic, from which they did not recover till their ruin was unavoidable. Wherever the Spaniards marched, they spared neither age nor sex, nothing sacred or profane. At last, the inhabitants of Tlascala, and some other states on the coasts, despairing of being able to oppose them, entered into an alliance, and joined armies with those terrible, and, as they believed, invincible, conquerors. Cortez, thus reinforced, marched on to Mexico, and in his progress discovered a volcano of sulphur and saltpetre, whence he could provide himself with powder. Montezuma heard of his progress without daring to oppose it. This sovereign is reported, by the boasting Spaniards, to have commanded 30 vassals, each of whom could appear at the head of 100,000 combatants, armed with bows and arrows, and yet he dared not resist a handful of Spaniards, aided by a few Americans, whose allegiance would be shaken by the first reverse of fortune.

By sending a rich present of gold, which only whetted the Spanish avarice, Montezuma hastened the approach of the enemy. No opposition is made to their entry into the capital. A palace is set apart for Cortez and his companions, who are already treated as masters of the new world. Montezuma loaded him with kindness and with gold in greater quantities than he demanded, and his palace was surrounded with artillery, the most
frightful

frightful of all engines to the Americans. At last, a circumstance fell out which afforded Cortez a pretext for beginning hostilities. In order to secure a communication by sea, to receive the necessary reinforcements, he had erected a fort, and left a small garrison behind him at Vera-Cruz, which has since become an emporium of commerce between Europe and America. He understood, that the Americans in the neighbourhood had attacked this garrison in his absence, that a Spaniard was killed in the action, and that Montezuma himself was privy to this violence. Upon receiving this intelligence, Cortez went in person to the emperor, attended by a few of his most experienced officers. Montezuma pleaded innocence, in which Cortez seemed extremely ready to believe him; though at the same time he alleged, that the Spaniards in general would never be persuaded of it, unless he returned along with them to their residence, which would remove all jealousy between the two nations. The success of this interview shewed the superiority of the European address. Cortez had now got into his hands an engine, by which every thing might be accomplished. The Americans had the highest respect, or rather superstitious veneration, for their emperor. Cortez, therefore, by keeping him in his power, allowed him to enjoy every mark of royalty but his freedom; and at the same time, from a thorough knowledge of his character, being able to flatter all his tastes and passions, maintained the easy sovereignty of Mexico by governing its prince. Did the Mexicans, grown familiar with the Spaniards, begin to abate of their respect, Montezuma was the first to teach them more politeness. Was there a tumult, excited

ted through the cruelty or avarice of the Spaniards, Montezuma ascended the battlements of his prison, and harangued his Mexicans into order and submission. This farce continued a long time; but, on one of these occasions, when Montezuma was shamefully disgracing his character by justifying the enemies of his country, a stone from an unknown hand struck him on the temple, which in a few days occasioned his death. The Mexicans, delivered from their passive emperor, elected the famous Guatimozin, who from the beginning discovered an implacable animosity against the Spanish name. Under his conduct, the unhappy Mexicans rushed against those very men, whom a little before they had offered to worship. The Spaniards, however, by the dexterous management of Cortez, were too firmly established to be expelled from Mexico; and, although the Mexicans made no small efforts for independence, yet all their courage and perseverance gave way to what they called the Spanish thunder. Guatimozin and the empress were taken prisoners. This was the prince, who, while he lay stretched on burning coals, by order of one of the receivers of the king of Spain's exchequer, who inflicted the torture to make him discover into what part of the lake he had thrown his riches, said to the high-priest, who was suffering the same punishment, and loudly expressed the sense of the pains he endured, "*Do you take me to lie on a bed of roses?*" The high-priest was shamed into silence, and died in an act of obedience to his sovereign; and Cortez, by getting a second emperor into his hands, made a complete conquest of Mexico.

C H A P. III.

Sketch of the lives of Pizarro, Almagro, and Luque. —

Pizarro sails in the year 1524. — Lands at the island of Gallo. — Sent for back by the governor. — Thirteen refuse to return. — Remains five months at Gorgona in great Distress. — Sails to Peru. — Returns to Panama.

WHILE Cortez and his soldiers were employed in reducing Mexico, they heard of another great empire, situated towards the equinoctial line and the tropic of Capricorn, which was said to abound in gold and silver and precious stones, and to be governed by a prince more magnificent than Montezuma. This was the empire of Peru. — Whether it happened that the Spanish government had not received certain intelligence concerning Peru; or that, being engaged in a multiplicity of concerns, they did not choose to adventure on new enterprises; certain it is, that this extensive country, more important than Mexico itself, was reduced by the endeavours and at the expense of three private persons. The names of these were Francisco Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, and Hernando Luque, a priest, but a man of great fortune.

Pizarro was the natural son of a gentleman of an honourable family by a very low woman; and, according to the cruel fate which often attends the offspring of unlawful love, had been so totally neglected in his youth
by

by the author of his birth, that he seems to have destined him never to rise above the condition of his mother. In consequence of this ungenerous idea, he set him, when bordering on manhood, to the very low occupation of keeping hogs. But the aspiring mind of young Pizarro, disdaining that ignoble occupation, he enlisted as a soldier; and, after serving several years in Italy, embarked for America. There Pizarro early distinguished himself. With a temper of mind no less daring than the constitution of his body was robust, he was foremost in every danger, patient under the greatest hardships, and unsubdued by any fatigue. Though so illiterate he could not read, he was soon considered as a man formed to command. Every operation committed to his conduct proved successful. By engaging early in active life, without any resource but his own talents and industry, he emerged from obscurity, acquired such a thorough knowledge of affairs and of men, that he was fitted to assume a superior part in conducting the former and in governing the latter.

Almagro had as little to boast of his descent as Pizarro. The one was a bastard, the other a foundling. Bred, like his companion, in the camp, he equalled him not only in enduring the hardships inseparable from military service in the new world, but also in the greater qualities of intrepid valour, indefatigable activity, and insurmountable perseverance. In Almagro, these virtues were accompanied with the openness, generosity, and candour, natural to men whose profession is arms; in Pizarro, they were united with the address, the craft, and dissimulation, of a cunning politician, with the art of concealing

his own purposes, and with sagacity to penetrate into those of other men.

Hernando de Luque was an ecclesiastic, who acted both as a priest and schoolmaster at Panama, and it is said had amassed riches that inspired him with the thoughts of rising to greater eminence.

Such were the men destined to overturn one of the most extensive empires on the face of the earth. Their confederacy for this purpose was authorised by Pedrarias, the governor of Panama. Each engaged to employ his whole fortune in the adventure. It was agreed that Pizarro should undertake the first voyage. Almagro was to conduct supplies, provisions, &c. to Pizarro; and Luque was to remain at Panama to superintend whatever was going on for the general interest. This confederacy, formed by ambition and avarice, was confirmed by a solemn oath, conformable to their religious tenets.

In 1524, Pizarro set sail from Panama in a single vessel of small burthen and 112 men at an improper season of the year; and, after beating about for seventy days, had advanced no farther than a skilful navigator would now make in three days. Almagro, who had set out in quest of him with a reinforcement of seventy men, suffered distresses equal to Pizarro; and in particular had lost an eye in a combat with the Indians. They now met at Chuchama, forgot the hardships they had undergone, indulged in hope, and determined by no means to abandon their scheme. They persevered, sailed to the south-east, and, after twenty days sail, at length discovered the golden coast of Peru. They put into the Bay of St. Matthew, on the coast of Quito,

Quito, and landed at Jacamez, to the south of the river Emeralds. They beheld a country more campaign and fertile than any they had yet discovered in the Southern Ocean; the natives clad in garments of woollen or cotton stuff, and adorned with several trinkets of gold and silver.

Pizarro and Almagro, conscious of their own weakness, feared to attack the natives, and therefore retired to the small island of Gallo, where Pizarro remained, whilst his associate returned to Panama for reinforcements. Some of the adventurers having sent distressing accounts to Panama of the hardships and difficulties they had experienced, Almagro met with an unfavourable reception from the governor; who, instead of aiding any farther expedition, sent a vessel to bring home Pizarro and his companions. Almagro and Luque contrived to convey private letters, advising Pizarro not to return, who needed no incentives to persist in his favourite scheme. He refused to obey the governor's orders, and exhorted his men not to abandon him. But the incredible calamities to which they had been exposed were still so fresh in their memories, that, when Pizarro drew a line upon the sand, desiring such as wished to return home to pass over, only *thirteen* of these daring veterans had courage enough to remain in his service.

With this small force, Pizarro remained for five months in the island of Gorgona, being the most unhealthy climate in that region of America; at the expiration of which, and just as they were going, through despair, to commit themselves to the merciless ocean in an ill-constructed float, a vessel arrived from
Panama.

Panama. Their hopes revived; and, with a rapid transition, not unnatural among men accustomed to sudden vicissitudes of fortune, high confidence succeeded to extreme dejection. Pizarro prevailed on his own followers, and those of the vessel, to unite with him in pursuing his original scheme. They stood towards the south-east; and, to their inexpressible joy, on the 20th day after their departure from Gorgona, discovered the coast of Peru, and landed at *Tumbes*; a place of some note, about three degrees south of the line, distinguished for its stately temple, and a palace of the incas, or sovereigns of the country. There the Spaniards feasted their eyes with the first view of the opulence and splendor of the Peruvian empire. They beheld a country fully peopled, and cultivated with an appearance of regular industry; the natives decently clothed, and possessed of ingenuity so far surpassing the other inhabitants of the new world as to have the use of tame domestic animals. But what particularly attracted the notice of our adventurers was the profusion of gold and silver, which every where appeared.

Having explored the country, as far as was requisite to ascertain the importance of the discovery, and conscious his force was incompetent to commence hostilities, he procured from the inhabitants some of their lamas, or tame cattle, some vessels of gold and silver, and two young men, whom he proposed to instruct in the Castilian language, to serve as interpreters in his intended expedition. With these he returned to Panama, at the close of the third year from his departure. No adventurer encountered dangers or suffered hardships equal to those he experienced during this long period. The patience.

tience with which he endured the latter, and the fortitude with which he surmounted the former, exceed whatever is recorded in the history of the new world, where so many romantic displays of those virtues occur.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

Pizarro applies to Charles the Fifth, and is appointed governor of Peru. — Sails with his three brothers. — Lands at St. Matthew. — Account of Peru. — Manco Capac and Mama Ocollo, the first founders of the Peruvian government.

THE governor of Panama refusing to countenance or assist Pizarro and his associates in another voyage, he repaired to the court of Spain to solicit the assistance of the emperor Charles the Fifth.

In this business our hero proved himself equally capable of transacting political negotiations as well as hazardous enterprises. He appeared before the emperor with the unembarrassed dignity of a man conscious of what his services merited; and he conducted his negotiations with an insinuating dexterity of address, which could not have been expected either from his education or former habits of life. His feeling description of his own sufferings, and his pompous account of the country he had discovered, confirmed by the specimens of its productions which he exhibited, made such an impression both on Charles and his ministers, that they not only approved of his intended expedition, but seemed to be interested in the success of its leader. Presuming on those dispositions in his favour, he paid little attention to the interest of his associates. For Luque, he obtained the ecclesiastical dignity to which he aspired. For Almagro,

Almagro, he claimed only the command of the fortress, which should be erected at Tumbez. To himself he secured whatever his boundless ambition could desire. He was appointed governor, captain-general, and adelantado, of the country which he had discovered and hoped to conquer; with supreme authority, civil as well as military; with full right to all the privileges and emoluments usually granted to adventurers in the new world; his jurisdiction was declared to extend two hundred leagues, along the coast to the south of the river St. Jago; to be independant of the governor of Panama, and had the power to nominate all the officers who were to serve under him. In return for these concessions, which cost the court of Spain nothing, as the enjoyment of them depended upon the success of Pizarro's own efforts; he engaged to raise 250 men, and to provide the ships, arms, and warlike stores, requisite towards subjecting to the crown of Castile the country of which the government was allotted to him. This inconsiderable force he was unable to collect; and therefore was obliged to steal privately out of the port of Seville, to elude the scrutiny of the officers, who were charged to see the fulfilment of the contract.

He landed at Nombre de Dios, and marched across the isthmus to Panama, accompanied by his three brothers Ferdinand, Juan, and Gonzalo, who were all in the prime of life, and of such abilities and courage as fitted them to take a distinguished part in his subsequent transactions. Almagro, incensed at the duplicity of Pizarro, refused to act any longer in concert with him; but Pizarro had more wisdom and address than to suffer a rupture so fatal to all his schemes to become irrepara-

ble. By offering voluntarily to relinquish the office of adelantado, and promising to concur in soliciting that title, with an independent government, for Almagro, he gradually mitigated the rage of an open-hearted foldier, which had been violent, but was not implacable. A reconciliation was effected, and the confederacy renewed on its original terms, that the enterprise should be carried on at the common expense of the associates, and the profits accruing from it should be equally divided among them. With much difficulty they fitted out three small vessels, with 180 foldiers, 36 of whom were horsemen. With this contemptible force he failed, February, 1531, to invade a great and powerful empire. This voyage they completed in 13 days, and landed their small force in the Bay of St. Matthew. After encountering many difficulties from the climate, barren sands, passing rivers, &c. they attacked a principal settlement in the province of Coaque, where they seized many vessels and ornaments of gold and silver, to the amount of thirty thousand pesos, at that time nearly the value of so many pounds sterling; with other booty of such value, as inspired the most desponding with sanguine hopes.

Pizarro himself was so much delighted with this rich spoil, that he instantly dispatched one of his ships to Panama with a large remittance to Almagro; and another to Nicaragua, with a considerable sum to some persons of influence in that province, in hopes of alluring adventurers by this early display of the wealth which he had acquired. He continued his march along the coast, attacking and conquering the natives; and hardly met with any resistance, until he attacked the island

island of Puna, in the Bay of Guayquil. As that was better peopled than the country through which he passed, and its inhabitants fiercer and less civilized than those of the continent, they defended themselves with such obstinate valour, that Pizarro spent six months in reducing them to subjection. While he was thus employed, two different detachments arrived from Nicaragua; which, though neither exceeded 30 men, he considered as a reinforcement of great consequence. With this increase of strength he advanced towards the centre of the Peruvian empire; in which march he received gradual information concerning its extent and policy, as well as the situation of its affairs at that juncture; without some knowledge of which, he could not have conducted his operations with propriety; and, without a suitable attention to them, it is impossible to account for the progress which the Spaniards had already made, or to unfold the causes of their subsequent success.

When the Spaniards first invaded Peru, the dominions of its sovereigns extended in length, from north to south, above 1500 miles along the Pacific Ocean. Its breadth was less considerable, being bounded by the vast ridge of the Andes, stretching from its one extremity to the other. Peru, like the rest of the new world, was originally possessed by small independent tribes, differing from each other in manners and in their forms of rude policy. All, however, were so little civilized, that, *if the traditions*, concerning the mode of life followed among their descendants, deserve credit, they must be classed among the most unimproved savages of America. After they had long continued in this wretchedly-barbarous state, we are told, that there appeared on the banks

of the Lake Titiaca, a man and woman of majestic form, and clothed in decent garments. They declared themselves to be children of the sun, sent by their beneficent parent, who beheld with pity the miseries of the human race, to instruct and to reclaim them. At their persuasion, enforced by reverence for the divinity in whose name they were supposed to speak, several of the dispersed savages united together, and received their commands as heavenly injunctions, followed them to Cusco, where they settled and began to lay the foundation of a city. *Manco Capac* and *Mama Ocollo*, (for, such were the names of those extraordinary personages,) having thus collected some wandering tribes, formed that social union, which, by multiplying the desires and uniting the efforts of the human species, excites industry and leads to improvement. *Manco Capac* instructed the men in agriculture and other useful arts; *Mama Ocollo* taught the women to spin and to weave. By the labour of the one sex, subsistence became less precarious; by that of the other, life was rendered more comfortable. *Manco Capac*, having established civilization and industry, now turned his attention to civil polity. By his institutions, the various relations in private life were established, and the duties resulting from them prescribed with much regularity and justice. Thus, according to Indian tradition, was founded the empire of the incas, or lords, of Peru.

The Peruvians were taught by *Manco* to adore the Creator of heaven and earth, whom they denominated *Paca Camac*, or the Intelligence which animates the World. They seldom built temples to him, but worshipped him in their hearts. One temple, however, dedicated

dedicated to the unknown God, the Spaniards found erected in a valley, thence named the Valley of Paca Camac.

That the Peruvians believed in the immortality of the soul appears from the practice of the incas, who constantly inculcated to the people, that, on leaving this world, they would enter into a state of happiness, provided for them by their god and father, the sun.

They were acquainted with faint outlines of astronomy. They divided the year by the seasons, discovered the annual revolution of the sun, and were astonished at the eclipses. When the sun hid his face, they concluded it was on account of their sins; and portended war, famine, and other calamities: when the moon was totally obscured, they apprehended she was sick or dying; they sounded their trumpets, and endeavoured, by every kind of noise, to rouse the lunar planet from her supposed lethargy; calling upon Mama Quilla, or Mother-Moon, not to die and leave them to perish.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Civil war in Peru between Ataliba and Huascar. — Pizarro arrives at Caxamalca. — Ataliba and Huascar both claim his assistance. — Treachery of Pizarro, and fanatic frenzy of Valverde. — Ataliba taken prisoner with immense riches. — Huascar put to death.

WHEN the Spaniards first visited this country, they found it agitated by a civil war. Huana Capac, the twelfth monarch from the founder of the state, was seated on the throne, who is represented as a prince no less conspicuous for his abilities in war than his pacific virtues. By him, the kingdom of Quito was subdued, which almost doubled the extent of the dominions and power of the Peruvian empire. Notwithstanding the ancient fundamental law of not polluting the blood of the inca with any foreign alliance, Huana married the daughter of the conquered monarch, by whom he had a son named *Atahualpa*, commonly written *Ataliba*, to whom, at his death, in 1529, he left the kingdom of Quito, bestowing the rest of his dominions upon Huascar, his eldest son, by a mother of the royal race. This produced a civil war, in which Ataliba proved victorious, and afterwards attempted to secure himself on the throne by putting to death all the descendants of Manco Capac, styled *the children of the sun*, whom he could

could seize either by force or stratagem. However, from a political motive, he spared the life of his rival Huascar, who had the misfortune to be taken prisoner in an engagement; that, by issuing out orders in his name, he might more easily establish his own authority, and cover the illegality of his birth.

This contest had so much engaged the attention of the Peruvians, that they never once attempted to check the progress of the Spaniards. It was some time, however, before Pizarro was informed of this contest so much in his favour. The first intelligence which he received of it was a message from Huascar, asking his assistance against Ataliba, whom he represented as a rebel and an usurper. Pizarro perceived the importance of the intelligence, and therefore determined to push forward, while intestine discord put it out of the power of the Peruvians to attack him with their whole force. Being obliged to divide his troops, in order to leave a garrison in St. Michael, which might serve for a place of retreat in case of a disaster, he began his march with only 62 horsemen and 102 foot-soldiers, 20 of whom were armed with cross-bows, and only 3 with muskets. He directed his course towards Caxamalca, a small town at the distance of twelve days march from St. Michael, where Ataliba was encamped with a considerable body of troops. Before he had proceeded far, an officer dispatched by the inca met him with a valuable present from that prince, accompanied with a proffer of his alliance, and his assurances of a friendly reception at Caxamalca. Pizarro, according to the usual artifice of his countrymen in America, pretended to come as the ambassador of a very powerful monarch; and declared that

that he was now advancing with intention to offer Ataliba his aid against those enemies, who disputed his title to the throne.

Pizarro's declaration of his pacific intentions so far removed all the inca's fears, that he determined to give him a friendly reception. In consequence of this resolution, the Spaniards were allowed to march in tranquillity across the sandy desert between St. Michael and St. Motupe; where the most feeble efforts of an enemy, added to the unavoidable distresses which they suffered in passing through that comfortless region, must have proved fatal to them. As they now approached near to Caxamalca, Ataliba renewed his professions of friendship; and, as an evidence of his sincerity, sent them presents of greater value than the former.

On entering Caxamalca, Pizarro took possession of a large court, on one side of which was a house, which the Spanish historians call a palace of the inca, and on the other a temple of the sun; the whole surrounded with a strong rampart, or wall of earth. Having posted his troops so advantageously, he sent some officers to Ataliba, declaring his peaceable disposition, and to desire an interview with the inca, that he might explain more fully the intention of the Spaniards in visiting his country. They were treated with all the respectful hospitality usual among the Peruvians in the reception of their most cordial friends, and Ataliba promised to visit the Spanish commander next day in his quarters. Their eyes were powerfully attracted by the vast profusion of wealth which they observed in the inca's camp. The rich ornaments worn by him and his attendants, the vessels of gold and silver in which the repast offered to them

them was served up, the multitude of utensils of every kind, formed of those precious metals, opened prospects far exceeding any idea of opulence that an European of the 16th century could form.

On their return to Caxamalca, while their minds were yet warm with admiration and desire of the wealth which they had beheld, they gave such a description of it to their countrymen as confirmed Pizarro in a resolution which he had already taken. From his own observation of American manners during his long service in the new world, as well as from the advantages which Cortez had derived from seizing Montezuma, he knew of what consequence it was to have the inca in his power. For this purpose he formed a plan as daring as it was perfidious. Notwithstanding the character he had assumed of an ambassador from a powerful monarch, who courted an alliance with the inca, and in violation of the repeated offers which he had made to him of his own friendship and assistance, he determined to avail himself of the unsuspecting simplicity with which Ataliba relied on his professions, and to seize his person during the interview to which he had invited him. He divided his cavalry into three small squadrons under the command of his brothers Ferdinand, Soto, and Bernalcazar: his infantry was formed into one body, except twenty of most tried courage, whom he kept near his own person, to support him in the dangerous service which he reserved for himself: the artillery, consisting of two field-pieces, and the cross-bow men, were placed opposite to the avenue by which Ataliba was to approach. All were commanded to keep within

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the square, and not to move till the signal for action was given.

Early in the morning the Peruvian camp was all in motion; but, as Ataliba was solicitous to appear with the greatest splendour and magnificence in his first interview with the strangers, the preparations for this were so tedious, that the day was far advanced before he began his march. At length the inca approached. First of all appeared 400 men in an uniform dress, as harbingers to clear the way before him. He himself, sitting on a throne or couch, adorned with plumes of various colours, and almost covered with plates of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones, was carried on the shoulders of his principal attendants. Behind him came some chief officers of his court, carried in the same manner. Several bands of singers and dancers accompanied this cavalcade; and the whole plain was covered with troops, amounting to more than 30,000 men.

As the inca drew near the Spanish quarters, Father *Vincent Valverde*, chaplain to the expedition, advanced with a crucifix in one hand and a breviary in the other, and in a long discourse explained to him the doctrine of the creation, the fall of Adam, the incarnation, the sufferings, and resurrection, of Jesus Christ, the appointment of St. Peter as God's vicerent on earth, the transmission of his apostolical power by succession to the popes, the donation made to the king of Castile, by Pope Alexander, of all the regions in the new world. In consequence of all this, he required Ataliba to embrace the Christian faith, to acknowledge the supreme jurisdiction of the pope, and to submit to the king of Castile as his lawful sovereign; promising, if he complied

plied instantly with this requisition, that the Castilian monarch would protect his dominions, and permit him to continue in the exercise of his royal authority; but, if he should impiously refuse to obey this summons, he denounced war against him in his master's name, and threatened him with the most dreadful effects of his vengeance.

This strange harangue, unfolding deep mysteries, and alluding to unknown facts, of which no power of eloquence could have conveyed at once a distinct idea to an American, was so lamely translated by an unskilful interpreter, little acquainted with the idiom of the Spanish tongue, and incapable of expressing himself with propriety in the language of the inca, that its general tenor was altogether incomprehensible to Ataliba. Some parts in it, of more obvious meaning, filled him with astonishment and indignation. His reply, however, was temperate. He began with observing, that he was lord of the dominions over which he reigned by hereditary succession; and added, that he could not conceive how a foreign priest should pretend to dispose of territories which did not belong to him: that if such a preposterous grant had been made, he, who was the rightful possessor, refused to confirm it: that he had no inclination to renounce the religious institutions established by his ancestors; nor would he forsake the service of the sun, the immortal divinity whom he and his people revered, in order to worship the God of the Spaniards, who was subject to death. That, with respect to other matters contained in his discourse, as he had never heard of them before, and did not now understand their meaning, he desired to know where he had learned things so extraordinary.

extraordinary. "In this book," answered Valverde, reaching out to him his breviary. The inca opened it eagerly; and, turning over the leaves, lifted it to his ear. "This," says he, "is silent; it tells me nothing!" and threw it with disdain to the ground. The enraged monk, running towards his countrymen, cried out, "To arms, Christians, to arms! the word of God is insulted! avenge this profanation on those impious dogs!"

Pizarro, who, during this long conference, had with difficulty restrained his soldiers, eager to seize the rich spoils of which they had so near a view, immediately gave the signal for assault. At once the martial music struck up, the cannon and muskets began to fire, the horse sallied out quickly to the charge, and the infantry rushed on sword in hand. The Peruvians, astonished at the suddenness of an attack which they did not expect, and dismayed with the destructive effect of the fire-arms and the irresistible impression of the cavalry, fled with universal consternation on every side, without attempting to annoy the enemy or to defend themselves. Pizarro, at the head of his chosen band, advanced directly towards the inca; and, though his nobles crowded around him with officious zeal, and fell in numbers at his feet, while they vied one with another in sacrificing their own lives that they might cover the sacred person of their sovereign, the Spaniards soon penetrated to the royal seat; and Pizarro, seizing the inca by the arm, dragged him to the ground, and carried him as a prisoner to his quarters. The fate of the monarch increased the precipitate flight of his followers. The Spaniards pursued them towards every quarter; and, with deliberate and unrelenting barbarity, continued to slaughter the wretched fugitives,

gitives, who never once offered resistance. The carnage did not cease until the close of the day. Above 4000 Peruvians were killed. Not a single Spaniard fell, nor was one wounded but Pizarro himself, whose hand was slightly hurt by one of his own soldiers, while struggling eagerly to lay hold on the inca.

The plunder taken on this occasion was immense; but the Spaniards were still unsatisfied; which being observed by the inca, he offered to fill with gold the apartment in which he was confined, which was 22 feet in length and 16 in breadth. This proposal was eagerly caught by Pizarro, and a line was drawn upon the walls to mark the stipulated height, which was as high as he could reach.

Ataliba, charmed with the thoughts of liberty, immediately set about performing his part of the agreement, and dispatched messengers into all parts of the empire, in order to collect the immense quantity of gold which he had promised; and, though the unfortunate monarch was now in the hands of his enemies, such was the veneration which his subjects had for him, that his orders were obeyed with as great alacrity as though he had been at full liberty; while he, in the mean time, flattering himself with the hopes of being soon released, made no preparations for expelling the invaders from his dominions.

In a short time Pizarro received intelligence that Almagro was arrived at St. Michael with a reinforcement equal to the force he had with him. This was a matter of great joy to the Spaniards, and no small vexation to Ataliba, who now considered his kingdom as being totally over-run by these strangers, whose force he neither knew, nor the means they had of transporting themselves.

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For this purpose he determined to put his brother Huascar to death, lest he should join the strangers against him. To this he was the rather inclined, as he had got information that the captive prince had been making applications to them, and had offered a much larger sum than what was stipulated for the inca's ransom; and in consequence of this determination the unfortunate prince lost his life.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

Confederacy to deprive Ataliba of life. — Ignorance of Pizarro. — Ataliba's mock trial. — Condemned and strangled. — Pizarro founds the city of Lima.

IN the mean time, Indians daily arrived at Caxamalca with vast quantities of treasure; the sight of which so much inflamed the Spaniards, that they insisted upon an immediate division; and, this being complied with, there fell to the share of each horseman 8000 pesos, and half as much to each foot-foldier; Pizarro and his officers receiving shares proportionable to their dignity. A fifth part was reserved for the emperor, together with some vessels of curious workmanship as a present. In consequence of this great acquisition of wealth, many of the Spaniards became clamorous for their discharge; which was readily granted by their general, as well knowing that the display of their riches would not fail to allure adventurers, more hardy, though less opulent, to his standard.

After this division of spoil, Ataliba was very importunate with Pizarro, in order to recover his liberty; but the Spaniard, with unparalleled treachery and cruelty, had now determined to put him to death. To this he was urged by Almagro's foldiers, who, though they had received an equal share with the rest, were still unsatisfied. The inca's ransom had not been completed; and they were apprehensive, that, whatever sums might afterwards be brought in, the troops of Pizarro would appropriate

appropriate them to themselves as part of that ransom. They insisted with Pizarro, therefore, to put him to death, that all the adventurers might for the future be on an equal footing. Accounts were likewise received that troops were assembling in the remote provinces of the empire, which Pizarro suspected to be done by the inca's orders. These accounts were heightened by one Philip-pillo, an Indian interpreter, who had conceived a passion for one of the unhappy monarch's wives; and for that reason wished to have him put to death. Ataliba himself, too, had the misfortune to hasten his own ruin by conceiving a contemptuous notion of Pizarro, which he had not the precaution to conceal. He had, since they were first discovered by him, admired the European arts of reading and writing, and wished much to know whether he should regard it as a natural or acquired talent. In order to determine this, he desired one of the soldiers who guarded him to write the name of God upon the nail of his thumb. This he shewed to several Spaniards successively, asking its meaning; and, to his surprise, they all returned the same answer. At length Pizarro entered; and, on presenting it to him, he blushed, and was obliged to own his ignorance; which inspired the inca with the contemptuous notion above-mentioned.

In order, however, to give some show of justice to such a detestable action, and that he might be exempted from standing singly as the perpetrator, Pizarro resolved to accuse the inca of some capital crime, and institute a court of judicature for the purpose of trying him. For this purpose, he appointed himself and Almagro, with two assistants, as judges, with full powers to acquit or condemn. An attorney-general was named to carry on the
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the prosecution in the king's name; counsellors were chosen to assist the prisoner in his defence; and clerks were ordained to record the proceedings of court. Before this strange tribunal a charge was exhibited still more amazing. It consisted of various articles: that Ataliba, though a bastard, had dispossessed the lawful owner of the throne, and usurped the regal power; that he had put his brother and lawful sovereign to death; that he was an idolater, and had not only permitted, but commanded, the offering up of human sacrifices; that he had a great number of concubines; that, since his imprisonment, he had wasted and embezzled the royal treasures, which now belonged of right to the conquerors; and that he had excited his subjects to take up arms against the Spaniards. On these heads of accusation they proceeded to try the sovereign of a great empire, over whom they had no jurisdiction. To all these charges the inca pleaded not guilty. He called heaven and earth to witness the integrity of his conduct, and how faithfully he had performed his engagements, and the perfidy of his accusers. He desired to be sent over to Spain to take his trial before the emperor; but no regard was paid to his entreaties. He was condemned to be burnt alive; which cruel sentence was mitigated, as a great favour, to strangling; and the unhappy monarch was executed without mercy.

The death of the inca was followed by a revolution in the Spanish affairs, who now became generally odious. Hideous cries were set up by his women as the funeral procession passed by their apartment. Many offered to bury themselves alive with him; and, on being hindered, strangled themselves out of grief and vexation. The

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whole town of Caxamalca was filled with lamentation, which quickly extended itself over the whole kingdom. Friends and enemies accused the Spaniards of inhumanity and treachery. Loads of gold, that were coming to Caxamalca by order of the deceased inca, were now stopped; and the loss of the treasure was the first unfortunate consequence which the Spaniards felt from their late iniquitous conduct.

Pizarro having received considerable reinforcements from Guatimala, Panama, and Nicaragua, advanced towards Cusco with an army of 500 men; after leaving a considerable garrison in St. Michael, under the command of Benalcázar. The Peruvians had assembled some large bodies of troops to oppose his progress. Several fierce encounters happened. At length Pizarro forced his way to Cusco, and took quiet possession of that capital. The riches found here exceeded what they had before received for the king's ransom. During the march to Cusco, that son of Atahualpa, whom Pizarro treated as inca, died; and, as the Spaniards substituted no person in his place, the title of Manco Capac seems to have been universally recognized.

While his fellow-soldiers were thus employed, Benalcázar, governor of St. Michael, an able and enterprising officer, was ambitious to signalize himself; and the timely arrival of some recruits, from Panama and Nicaragua, put it in his power to gratify his passion. Leaving a small force to protect the settlement, he proceeded to Quito; where he had been informed Atahualpa had left the greatest part of his treasure. Benalcázar displayed much courage and skill in this march; having a considerable distance to travel, and experiencing frequent

quent and fierce attacks from the natives. However, they at length arrived at the place of their destination, but were woefully disappointed; for, the inhabitants, having, by miserable experience, learned the ruling passion of these "foul invaders," had carried away all their treasures.

About this period, Ferdinand Pizarro returned to Spain with accounts of their conquests and riches, and obtained farther grants from the emperor. Almagro's desired title of adelantado, or governor, was conferred upon him, with jurisdiction over 200 leagues of country, stretching beyond the southern limits allotted to Pizarro. Ferdinand himself did not go unrewarded. He was admitted into the military order of St. Jago; a distinction always acceptable to a Spanish gentleman. Almagro, hearing he had obtained the royal grant of an independent government, and pretending that Cusco lay within his jurisdiction, attempted to make himself master of that important station. Juan and Gonzalo Pizarro prepared to oppose him. Each of the contending parties was supported by powerful adherents, and the dispute was upon the point of being terminated with the sword, when Francisco Pizarro arrived in the capital. The reconciliation between him and Almagro had never been cordial. The former, conscious of his own perfidy, did not expect forgiveness; and the latter, feeling that he had been deceived, was impatient to be avenged; and, though avarice and ambition had induced them not only to dissemble their sentiments, but even to act in concert while pursuing wealth and power, no sooner did they obtain possession of these, than the same passions, which had formed this temporary union, gave rise to jealousy

and discord. The fortunate arrival of Pizarro at Cusco, and the address mingled with firmness which he manifested in his expostulations with Almagro and his partizans, averted that evil for the present. A new reconciliation took place; the chief article of which was, that Almagro should attempt the conquest of Chili; and, if he did not find in that province an establishment adequate to his merit and expectations, Pizarro, by way of indemnification, should yield up to him a part of Peru. This important transaction being concluded, Pizarro applied himself with persevering ardor to introduce a form of regular government into the extensive provinces subject to his authority. Though ill calculated by education for any deep disquisitions concerning the principles of civil policy, his natural sagacity and acuteness supplied the want of science and experience. He distributed the country into various districts; he appointed proper magistrates to preside in each; and established regulations concerning the administrations of justice, the collection of the royal revenue, the working of the mines, and the treatment of the Indians: extremely simple, but well calculated to promote the public prosperity.

Pizarro, in the course of his excursions, had been struck with the beauty and fertility of the valley of Rimar, one of the most extensive and best cultivated in Peru. There, on the banks of a small river of the same name with the vale which it waters and enriches, at the distance of six miles from Callao, the most commodious harbour in the Pacific-Ocean, he founded a city, which he destined to be the capital of his government. This city is known to foreigners by the name of
Lima,

Lima, a corruption of the ancient appellation of the valley in which it is situated. Under his inspection, the buildings advanced with such rapidity, that it soon assumed the form of a city; which, by a magnificent palace that he erected for himself, and by several stately houses built by many of his officers, gave, even in its infancy, some indication of its subsequent grandeur.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

Almagro marches to Chili. — Distressing journey over the mountains. — Manco Capac plots against the Spaniards, and attacks Lima and Cusco. — Juan Pizarro killed. — Almagro returns and takes possession of Cusco. — The Pizarros oppose him, take him prisoner, and strangle him.

ALMAGRO, conformable to agreement, commenced his march towards Chili, and was followed by 570 Europeans, the greatest number that had been hitherto assembled in Peru. From an impatient desire of quickly completing his expedition, Almagro fearlessly hazarded a march over the mountains; which subjected his men to innumerable hardships from fatigue, famine, and the rigour of the climate in those elevated regions of the torrid zone, where the degree of cold is hardly inferior to what is felt within the polar circle. Many of them perished; and the rest, when they descended into the fertile plains of Chili, had new difficulties to encounter. There they found a race of men, intrepid, hardy, independent, and in their bodily constitution, as well as vigour of spirit, nearly resembling the warlike tribes in North America.

While Almagro and his followers were accomplishing hard-contested conquests, news arrived of an unexpected revolution in Peru. Pizarro, during Almagro's absence, had deemed it prudent to encourage different adventurers

to explore new regions, by which means his force became scattered and divided.

No sooner did Manco Capac observe the imprudent weakness of the Spaniards, and that only a handful of soldiers remained at Cusco, under Juan and Gonzalo Pizarro, than he thought that the happy period was at length come for vindicating his own rights, and avenging the wrongs of his country. Though strictly watched by the Spaniards, who allowed him to reside in the palace of his ancestors, he found means of communicating his schemes to the persons who were fit to be entrusted with the execution of it.

After several unsuccessful attempts of the inca to make his escape, Ferdinand Pizarro, happening to arrive at that time at Cusco, he obtained permission from him to attend a great festival, which was then to be celebrated. Under pretext of attending that solemnity, the great men of the empire were assembled. As soon as the inca joined them, the standard of war was erected; and in a short time an army (said by Spanish historians to consist of 200,000 men) was assembled, who attacked Cusco, which the three brothers endeavoured to defend with only 170 men. Another formidable body invested Lima, and kept the governor closely shut up. There was no longer any communication between the two cities. The numerous forces of the Peruvians spreading over the country intercepted every messenger; and, as the parties in Cusco and Lima were equally unacquainted with the fate of their countrymen, each boded the worst concerning the other, and imagined that they themselves were the only persons who had survived this unexpected revolt.

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At Cusco, the Peruvians, commanded by the inca, carried on a siege of nine months, which they maintained with extraordinary vigour, and displayed considerable improvement in their military discipline. They armed a considerable body of their bravest foldiers with swords and fire-arms which they took from the Spaniards. But it was more by their numbers than by any skill they displayed, which enabled them so long to harass the Spaniards. In spite of the valour, heightened by despair, with which the three brothers defended Cusco, Manco Capac recovered possession of one half of his capital; during which contest, Juan Pizarro and several other persons of note were killed. The Spaniards, much distressed by constant duty, were nearly overcome by hard fighting, terror, and despair, when Almagro returned from Chili. He had received such accounts of the insurrection in Peru, as would at any rate have determined him to return to the assistance of Pizarro; but, beside this, he had now received the royal patent, creating him governor of Chili, and deemed it certain, beyond all contradiction, that Cusco lay within his jurisdiction; for which reason, he hastened to prevent its falling into the hands of the Peruvians. On his arrival, his assistance was solicited by both parties. The inca made many advantageous proposals; but at length, despairing of obtaining any cordial union with a Spaniard, he attacked him in the night by surprise with a great body of chosen troops. But the Spanish valour and discipline prevailed against all the numbers of their enemies, and the Peruvians were repulsed with such slaughter, that a great part of the remainder dispersed, and Almagro advanced to the gates of Cusco without opposition.

tion. Pizarro's brothers took measures to oppose his entrance; but prudence for the present restrained both parties from entering into a civil war while they were surrounded with enemies, and therefore each leader endeavoured to corrupt the followers of his antagonist. In this Almagro had the advantage; and so many of Pizarro's troops deserted in the night, that Almagro was encouraged to advance towards the city, where he surprised the centinels; and, investing the house where the two brothers were lodged, he compelled them, after an obstinate defence, to surrender at discretion; and Almagro's authority over Cusco was immediately recognized as authentic.

In this fray only two or three persons were killed; but matters soon began to wear a more serious aspect. Francisco Pizarro, having dispersed the Peruvians who invested Lima, and received considerable reinforcements from other provinces, ordered 500 men, under the command of Alonzo de Alvarado, to march to Cusco, in hopes of relieving his brothers, if they were not already cut off. They advanced to a small distance from the capital, before they knew that they had a more formidable enemy than the Indians to encounter. When they saw their countrymen drawn up on the banks of the river Abancay to oppose them, they were greatly surprised. However, Almagro, who wished rather to gain them than to fight, began with attempting to seduce their leader. Alvarado could not by any means be gained over; but, being inferior in military skill, Almagro attacked him by surprise, entirely defeated and dispersed his army, taking himself and some of his principal officers prisoners.

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This victory seemed decisive; and Almagro was advised to make it so by putting to death Gonzalo and Ferdinand Pizarro, Alvarado, and some others, whom he could not hope to gain. This advice, however, he declined from motives of humanity, and a desire of making his adversary appear the aggressor. For these reasons, instead of marching directly against Pizarro, he retired quietly to Cusco; which gave his adversary time to recollect himself from the disorder into which the news of so many disasters had thrown him. He began again to practise upon Almagro those arts which before had proved successful; and Almagro again suffered himself to be deceived by pretended offers of pacification. The negotiations for this purpose were protracted for several months; and, while Almagro was employed in detecting and eluding the fraudulent intentions of the governor, Gonzalo Pizarro and Alvarado found means to corrupt the soldiers who guarded them, and not only made their own escape, but persuaded sixty of Almagro's men to accompany them. There now remained only Ferdinand Pizarro in the hands of Almagro; and he was delivered by another act of treachery. The general proposed, that all points of controversy should be submitted to the decision of their sovereign; and that Ferdinand Pizarro should be instantly set at liberty, and return to Spain, together with some other officers whom the general proposed to send over to shew the justice of his claims. Though the intention of Pizarro by making this proposal was evident, Almagro was deceived by it, and released those whom Pizarro wanted; which he had no sooner done, than the latter threw off all disguise, and openly declared, that arms alone must now decide

decide the matter between them. He therefore immediately set out for Cusco with an army of 700 men, to which Almagro had only 500 to oppose. From the weakness of his forces, probably, Almagro did not attempt to guard some strong passes, through which Pizarro had to march; but waited patiently for his adversary in a plain open country.

In the mean time, the two young Pizarros, who had taken the command, advanced without any obstruction; and an engagement soon happened, in which Almagro was defeated and taken prisoner. The conquerors behaved with great cruelty, massacring a great number of officers, and treating Almagro himself with great severity. The Indians assembled in great numbers on the surrounding hills to behold this conflict, with an intention to join the vanquished party; but were so much overawed by the Spaniards, that they retired quietly after the battle was over, and thus lost the only opportunity they ever had of expelling their tyrants. Almagro, after having some months languished in prison, was at length formally tried, and condemned to die by Pizarro. Notwithstanding his consummate bravery, for which he was remarkable, this hardy veteran could not bear the deliberate approach of death, but condescended to use entreaties to save his life. The Pizarros, however, continued inflexible; and he was first strangled in prison, and then publicly beheaded. He left one son by an Indian woman, whom he appointed his successor, by virtue of a power granted him by the emperor.

C H A P. VIII.

Ferdinand Pizarro goes to Spain, and is imprisoned twenty years at Madrid. — A person sent to watch Pizarro's conduct. — The partial distribution of property by Pizarro. — Gonzalo Pizarro undertakes a hazardous enterprise. — The great difficulties he encounters. — Orellana, with fifty soldiers, leaves Gonzalo Pizarro; and, after a most wonderful voyage, arrives at Spain.

AS, during these dissensions, all intercourse with Spain ceased, it was some time before the accounts of the civil war were received at court. The first intelligence was given by some of Almagro's soldiers, who had left America on the ruin of their cause; and they did not fail to represent the injustice and violence of Pizarro in the strongest colours, which greatly prejudiced the emperor against him. In a short time, however, Ferdinand Pizarro arrived, and endeavoured to give matters a new turn. The emperor was uncertain which of them he ought to believe; and therefore thought it necessary to send over some person with ample powers to inquire into the merits of the cause, and to determine certainly who was in the wrong. The man selected for this important charge was Christoval Vaca de Castro, a judge, whose abilities, integrity, and firmness, justified the choice. If he found the governor still alive, he was to assume only the title of judge, in order to have the appearance of
acting

acting in concert with him; but, if he was dead, the viceroy might then produce his commission, appointing him Pizarro's successor in the government. This complaisance to Pizarro, however, proceeded more from a dread of his power than from any other thing; for, in the mean time, his brother Ferdinand was arrested at Madrid, and confined in a prison, where he remained twenty years.

While Vaca de Castro was preparing for his voyage, Pizarro considered himself as the unrivalled master of Peru, and proceeded to parcel out its territories among the conquerors; and, had this division been made with any degree of impartiality, the extent of country which he had to bestow was sufficient to have gratified his friends, and to have gained his enemies. But Pizarro conducted this transaction not with the equity and candour of a judge attentive to discover and reward merit, but with the illiberal spirit of a party-leader. Large districts, in parts of the country most cultivated and populous, were set apart as his own property, or granted to his brothers, his adherents, and favourites. To others, lots less valuable were assigned. The followers of Almagro, amongst whom were many of the original adventurers, to whose valour and perseverance Pizarro was indebted for his success, were totally excluded from any portion in those lands, towards the acquisition of which they had contributed so largely.

Rapid as the progress of the Spaniards in South America had been since Pizarro landed in Peru, their avidity of dominion was not yet satisfied. The officers, to whom Ferdinand Pizarro gave the command of different detachments, penetrated into several new provinces; and,

and, though some of them were exposed to great hardships in the cold and barren regions of the Andes, and others suffered distress not inferior amidst the woods and marshes of the plains, they made several discoveries and conquests, which extended their knowledge of the country, as well as added to their power. Pedro de Valdivia re-assumed Almagro's scheme of invading Chili; and, notwithstanding the fortitude of the natives in defending their possessions, made such progress in the conquest of the country, that he founded the city of St. Jago, and gave a beginning to the establishment of the Spanish dominion there. But, of all the enterprises undertaken about this period, that of Gonzalo Pizarro was the most remarkable. The governor, who seems to have resolved that no person in Peru should possess any station of distinguished eminence or authority but those of his own family, had deprived Benalcazar, the conqueror of Quito, of his command in that kingdom, and appointed his brother Gonzalo to take the government of it. He instructed him to attempt the discovery and conquest of the country to the east of the Andes; which, according to the information of the Indians, abounded with cinnamon and other valuable spices. Gonzalo, not inferior to any of his brothers in courage, and no less ambitious of acquiring distinction, eagerly engaged in this difficult service. He set out from Quito at the head of 340 soldiers, nearly one half of whom were horsemen, with 4000 Indians to carry their provisions. In forcing their way through the defiles or over the ridges of the Andes, excess of cold and fatigue, to neither of which they were accustomed, proved fatal to the greater part of the wretched attendants. The Spaniards, though more robust,

bust, and inured to a variety of climates, suffered considerably, and lost some men; but, when they descended into the low country, their distress increased. During two months it rained incessantly, without any interval of fair weather long enough to dry their clothes. The vast plains, upon which they were now entering, either altogether without inhabitants, or occupied by the rudest and least industrious tribes in the new world, yielded little subsistence. They could not advance a step but as they cut a road through woods, or made it through marshes. Such incessant toil, and continual scarcity of food, seem more than sufficient to have exhausted and dispirited any troops; but the fortitude and perseverance of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century were insuperable. Allured by frequent, but false, accounts of rich countries before them, they persisted in struggling on, until they reached the banks of the Coca or Napo, one of the large rivers whose waters pour into the Maragnon, and contribute to its grandeur. There, with infinite labour, they built a bark, which they expected would prove of great utility, both in conveying them over rivers, in procuring provisions, and in exploring the country. This was manned with fifty soldiers, under the command of Francis Orellana, the officer next in rank to Pizarro. The stream carried them down with such rapidity, that they were soon far a-head of their countrymen, who followed slowly and with difficulty by land.

At this distance from his commander, Orellana, a young man of an aspiring mind, began to fancy himself independent; and, transported with the predominant passion of the age, he formed the scheme of distinguishing himself as a discoverer, by following the course of the

the Maragnon until it joined the ocean, and by surveying the vast regions through which it flows. This scheme of Orellana's was as bold as it was treacherous; for, if he be chargeable with the guilt of having violated his duty to his commander, and with having abandoned his fellow-soldiers in a pathless desert, where they had hardly any hopes of success, or even of safety, but what were founded on the service which they had expected from the bark, his crime is, in some measure, balanced by the glory of having ventured upon a navigation of near 2000 leagues, through unknown nations, in a vessel constructed of green timber, and by very unskilful hands, without provisions, without a compass, or a pilot. But his courage and alacrity supplied every defect. Committing himself fearlessly to the guidance of the stream, the Napo bore him along to the south, until he reached the great channel of the Maragnon. Turning with it towards the coast, he held on his course in that direction. He made frequent descents on both sides the river; sometimes seizing by force of arms the provisions of the fierce savages seated on its banks, and sometimes procuring a supply of food by a friendly intercourse with more gentle tribes. After a long series of dangers, which he encountered with amazing fortitude, and of distresses which he encountered with no less magnanimity, he reached the ocean, where new perils awaited him. These he likewise surmounted, and got safe to the Spanish settlement in the island Cubagua: thence he sailed to Spain. The vanity natural to travellers, who visit regions unknown to the rest of mankind, and the art of an adventurer, solicitous to magnify his own merit, concurred in prompting

ing him to mingle an extraordinary proportion of the marvellous in the narrative of his voyage. He pretended to have discovered nations so rich, that the roofs of their temples were covered with plates of gold; and described a republic of women so warlike and powerful, as to have extended their dominion over a considerable tract of fertile plains which he had visited. Extravagant as those tales were, they gave rise to an opinion, that a region abounding with gold, distinguished by the name of *El Dorado*, and a community of Amazons, were to be found in this part of the new world; and, such is the propensity of mankind to believe what is wonderful, that it has been slowly, and with difficulty, that reason and observation have exploded those fables. The voyage, however, even when stripped of every romantic embellishment, deserves to be recorded, not only as one of the most memorable occurrences in that adventurous age, but as the first event that led to any certain knowledge of those immense regions that stretch eastward from the Andes to the ocean.

H C H A P.

CHAP. IX.

Gonzalo Pizarro's surprise at not finding Orellana. — Distresses in returning to Quito. — Young Almagra determines to avenge his father's death. — Juan de Herrada and accomplices murder Pizarro. — End of Historical Account.

NO words can describe the consternation of Pizarro, when he did not find the bark at the confluence of the Napo and Maragnon, where he had ordered Orellana to wait for him. He would not allow himself to suspect, that a man, whom he had entrusted with such an important command, could be so base and so unfeeling as to desert him at such a juncture. But, imputing his absence from the place of rendezvous to some unknown accident, he advanced above fifty leagues along the banks of the Maragnon, expecting every moment to see the bark appear with a supply of provisions. At length he came up with an officer whom Orellana had left to perish in the desert, because he had the courage to remonstrate against his perfidy. From him he learned the extent of Orellana's crime; and his followers perceived at once their own desperate situation, when deprived of their only resource. The spirit of the stoutest-hearted veteran sunk within him, and all demanded to be led back instantly. Pizarro, though he assumed an appearance of tranquillity, did not oppose their inclination. But he was now 1200 miles from Quito; and in that long

long march the Spaniards encountered hardships greater than those they had endured in their progress outward, without the alluring hopes which then soothed and animated them under their sufferings. Hunger compelled them to feed on roots and berries, to eat all their dogs and horses, to devour the most loathsome reptiles, and even to gnaw the leather of their saddles and sword-belts. Four thousand Indians and two hundred and ten Spaniards perished in this wild and disastrous expedition, which continued near two years; and, as fifty men were aboard the bark with Orellana, only eighty got back to Quito. These were naked, like savages, and so emaciated with famine, or worn out with fatigue, that they had more the appearance of spectres than of men.

But, instead of returning to enjoy the repose which his condition required, Pizarro, on entering Quito, received accounts of a fatal event that threatened calamities more dreadful to him than those through which he had passed. From the time that his brother made that partial division of his conquests which has been mentioned; the adherents of Almagro, considering themselves as proscribed by the party in power, no longer entertained any hope of bettering their condition. Great numbers, in despair, resorted to Lima, where the house of young Almagro was always open to them; and the slender portion of his father's fortune, which the governor allowed him to enjoy, was spent in affording them subsistence. The warm attachment, with which every person who served under the elder Almagro devoted himself to his interests, was quickly transferred to his son, who was now grown up to the age of manhood,

and possessed all the qualities which captivate the affections of soldiers. Of a graceful appearance, dexterous at all martial exercises, bold, open, generous, he seemed to be formed for command; and, as his father, conscious of his own inferiority from the total want of education, had been extremely attentive to have him instructed in every science becoming a gentleman, the accomplishments which he had acquired heightened the respect of his followers, as they gave him distinction and eminence among illiterate adventurers. In this young man, the Almagrians found a point of union which they wanted; and, looking up to him as their head, were ready to undertake any thing for his advancement. Nor was affection for Almagro their only incitement; they were urged on by their own distresses. Many of them, destitute of common necessities, and weary of loitering away life, a burthen to their chief, or to such of their associates as had saved some remnant of their fortune from pillage and confiscation, longed impatiently for an occasion to exert their activity and courage, and began to deliberate how they might be avenged on the author of all their misery. Their frequent cabals did not pass unobserved; and the governor was warned to be on his guard against men who meditated some desperate deed, and had resolution to execute it. But, either from the native intrepidity of his mind, or from contempt of persons, whose poverty rendered their machinations of little consequence, he disregarded the admonitions of his friends. "Be in no pain," said he carelessly, "about my life; it is perfectly safe; as long as every man in Peru knows that I can in a moment put him to death who dares to harbour a thought against it." This security gave the Almagrians full

full leisure to digest and ripen every part of their scheme; and Juan de Herrada, an officer of great abilities, who had the charge of Almagro's education, took the lead in their consultations, with all the zeal which that connection inspired, and with all the authority which the ascendant that he was known to have over the mind of his pupil gave him.

On Sunday, the 26th of June, 1541, at mid-day, the season of tranquillity and repose in all sultry climates, Herrada, at the head of 18 of the most determined conspirators, sallied out of Almagro's house in complete armour; and, drawing their swords, as they advanced hastily towards the governor's palace, cried out, "Long live the king, but let the tyrant die!" Their associates, warned of their motions by the signal, were in arms at different stations, ready to support them. Though Pizarro was usually surrounded by such a numerous train of attendants as suited the most opulent subject of the age in which he lived, yet, as he was just risen from table, and most of his own domestics had retired to their apartments, the conspirators passed through the two outer courts of the palace unobserved. They were at the bottom of the staircase, before a page in waiting could give the alarm to his master, who was conversing with a few friends in a large hall. The governor, whose steady mind no form of danger could appal, starting up, called for arms, and commanded Francisco de Chaves to make fast the door. But that officer, who did not retain so much presence of mind as to obey this prudent order, running to the top of the staircase, wildly asked the conspirators what they meant, and whither they were going? Instead of answering, they stabbed him to the heart,

heart, and burst into the hall. Some of the persons who were there threw themselves from the windows; others attempted to fly; and a few, drawing their swords, followed their leader into an inner apartment. The conspirators, animated with having the object of their vengeance now in view, rushed forward after them. Pizarro, with no other arms than his sword and buckler, defended the entry; and, supported by his half-brother Alcantara and his little knot of friends, maintained the unequal contest with intrepidity worthy of his past exploits, and with the vigour of a youthful combatant. "Courage," cried he, "companions! we are yet enough to make those traitors repent of their audacity." — But the armour of the conspirators protected them, while every thrust they made took effect. Alcantara fell dead at his brother's feet: his other defendants were mortally wounded. The governor, so weary that he could hardly wield his sword, and no longer able to parry the many weapons furiously aimed at him, received a deadly thrust full in his throat, sunk to the ground, and expired.

For farther particulars concerning the state of the Peruvians, and the various scenes of anarchy, revolution, and bloodshed, which succeeded the death of Francisco Pizarro, I refer my readers to the third volume of Dr. Robertson's History of America. — Having brought the adventures of this daring soldier to a deserved catastrophe, a fuller detail of the transactions in Peru would lead to an investigation beyond the limits of the present performance.

I Have extracted the following biographical sketches from that elegant periodical publication, the Monthly Mirror; the Editors of which work have particularly distinguished themselves by their impartial dramatic criticisms and biography.

CHAP. I.

The life of Sheridan.

IT seems a strange remark, that a biographer may happen to be more embarrassed by knowledge than by ignorance; but, notwithstanding this apparent paradox, obvious truth will justify the position. When a man has raised himself to distinction by extraordinary abilities, and has long attracted the notice of mankind, curiosity, friendship, and malevolence, have generally explored his private history with so much eagerness, and with such success, as only to leave to his biographer the dull task of echoing the voice of common fame, and of telling his readers nothing but what they knew. Such is the case with the subject of our present attention. His political and literary exertions have justly raised him to such a height, that nothing can be said in illustration of his character, or relative to the events of his life, but what the partiality of friendship, or the malice of enmity, have long since recorded. All, therefore,

fore, that we can do, on the present occasion, is to compensate for the want of novelty by candour and by truth.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. descends from a family so deservedly esteemed for genius and learning, that he may be thought to possess both by inheritance; though it must be acknowledged, that he has largely added to the patrimonial stock of intellectual wealth. His grandfather was Dr. Thomas Sheridan, well known for his intimate friendship with the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's: and such a friendship, implies no ordinary share of knowledge and ability in the man who was admitted to it. His father was Thomas Sheridan, Esq. a gentleman who obtained a high and distinguished reputation on the stage, who published many works of learning and genius for the improvement of English oratory, and who, through life, maintained a character of unimpeachable rectitude. The mother of our hero was Mrs. Frances Sheridan, grand-daughter to Sir Oliver Chamberlaine, a lady whose character was held in the highest respect for moral worth, amiable manners, extensive knowledge, and literary talents. This lady was the author of two comedies, *the Discovery* and *the Dupe*. The first, besides much intrinsic merit, had the advantage of being acted by the first performers of the time, with the unrivalled powers of Mr. Garrick, at the head of them. *The Dupe* did not experience so fortunate a fate. She was also the author of a romance entitled *Nourjahad*, a work of great merit; and of *Sidney Biddulph*, a novel, which abounds in so much excellence, that its reputation will doubtless be coeval with the English tongue.

Richard

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, descending from such a family, and being so bountifully enriched by nature, had of course all the advantage that could arise from early and enlightened culture. He was born, as we understand, at Quilca, in Ireland, in the year 1752. He was brought very early in life to this country, and placed in the school at Harrow, which may be considered as a minor university; where, though he was by no means distinguished for activity in pursuing his studies, yet the quickness of his genius, the strength of his judgement, and a memory remarkably retentive, enabled him often to accomplish, in a few days, what inferior minds would, perhaps, by the labour of years, have been unable to attain.

Having remained some years at that seminary, he entered himself of the Temple, intending to direct his pursuits towards legal eminence; but the influence of the Muses was too powerful, and he very soon turned his thoughts towards poetical composition. A translation of *Aristænetus*, in verse, written with great spirit, is understood to have come from his hand, in conjunction with a juvenile friend. His first dramatic work was the comedy of *The Rivals*; which, with all its merits, was so carelessly performed, that it met with a very severe reception the first night, and was not repeated without much opposition; though now it deservedly ranks with our best acting comedies. The next work from our author was the comic opera of *The Duenna*, which was received with more favour by the public than any production of a similar kind since the memorable days of *The Beggar's Opera*. In the year 1776, Mr. Sheridan gave to the public his celebrated comedy of

The School for Scandal, a work that justly procured him the name of *Young Congreve*; and which indeed demanded, for his dramatic character, every honourable tribute that popular admiration could bestow.

When Mr. Garrick resolved to retire from the management of that theatre, which his genius had raised into a very valuable property, Mr. Sheridan, in conjunction with Mr. Linley and Dr. Ford, embarked in the purchase of it. Since that period, he has superintended the management of it, and has increased his share in the property. Mr. Sheridan's third great dramatic work was *The Critic*, written upon the model of the Duke of Buckingham's celebrated *Rehearsal*; but with such novelty of sentiment, wit, humour, and character, as to render the production quite an original performance. Besides these works, he is the author of a farce entitled *St. Patrick's Day*, and another called *The Camp*; both of which are not unworthy of his name, though by no means to be compared with the others we have mentioned.

The last work from his hand is the play of *Pizarro*, taken from the German of KOTZEBUE; the success of which is so notorious, and the merits of which have been so fully canvassed, that there is no occasion in this place to dilate upon the subject.

Mr. Sheridan has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Elizabeth Linley, the eldest daughter of the late respectable and ingenious composer; a lady of unrivalled beauty and the rarest talents. By that charming and accomplished lady he has one son, a young man of the most promising abilities. Mr. Sheridan's second wife was Miss Ogle, an animated and amiable character,

ter, the youngest daughter of the Dean of Winchester. The issue of this second marriage is a son. — Mr. Sheridan has been one of the representatives for Stafford in three successive parliaments.

We shall not enter into any discussion respecting the political character of Mr. Sheridan. It is sufficient to observe, that, whatever his friends or enemies may think or say, the public must give him credit for consistency and disinterested attachment to his party. In private life he may be inclined to habits of indolence, but he has always been active enough in the service of his political allies. To him, indeed, is applicable that praise, which very few of his party have appeared desirous of obtaining; for, on one occasion, deeply interesting to this country, when alarm and anxiety were universally prevalent, Mr. Sheridan came forward with such a manly dignity as to shew that he felt as a true patriot, and not as a mere partizan, when the interests of his country were in danger. Our readers need not be told, we presume, that we refer to the awful crisis of the Naval Mutiny.

Mr. Sheridan is a rare instance of the union of talents that seldom are combined, those of the poet and the orator; in both of which he has equally distinguished himself. His prologues and epilogues certainly eclipse any similar compositions of contemporary genius. They are sportive, satirical, elegant, and pathetic. He even excels Mr. Garrick in pleasant ridicule of prevailing manners, usual in those compositions, and has added those softening and interesting graces, to which the muse of our admired Roscius seems to have been a stranger, except when she inspired him in his exquisite perfor-

mances on the stage. The MONODY, which Mr. Sheridan dedicated to the memory of the great English actor, is a beautiful and impressive composition, highly embellished with the charms of poetry.

In private life, Mr. Sheridan is distinguished for good humour, affability, politeness, easy, ingratiating, and unaffected manners; and we have reason to believe, that, where he has incurred enmity, it has been rather *by negligence* than by any qualities that tend to excite a merited reprehension. He is always, we seriously think, inclined to do good-natured offices, and to observe his engagements; but that carelessness, which too generally marks the literary character, and those allurements, by which a strong imagination is too apt to be enslaved, have influenced his disposition, and exposed him to the censure of those who are unable to measure the extent of such a mind, and who, never being tempted, by the exuberance of genius, beyond the confines of discretion, know not how to make a liberal allowance for the movements of an orb so remote from their own sphere of action.

When temporary prejudices and partialities have passed away, when the little hostility of personal malevolence shall cease to operate, when the conflicts of political rivalry shall no longer be remembered, and the progress of GENIUS be contemplated by a spirit of philosophical candour, the name of SHERIDAN will doubtless appear, in the temple of HISTORY, among the splendid examples of WIT, ELOQUENCE, and POESY.

C H A P. II.

The life of Augustus Von Kotzebue.

KOTZEBUE was born at Weimar, in Saxony, and educated under the immediate observation of his mother; who, when but a very young widow, denied herself many of the pleasures of life, in order that she might devote the whole of her time to her children; and, though preceptors of various kinds were provided, Kotzebue confesses that he is infinitely more indebted, for his acquirements, to the taste and discernment of his mother, than to those who were entrusted with his education. Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe made a very early impression upon his mind; and he has often, in the wild exuberance of his fancy, wished himself the possessor of some desert island.

In his fifth year, he wrote *essays in verse*; and soon afterwards a *comedy*, which was just the length of an octavo page.

To the following incident he attributes the cause of his being destined to become a dramatic writer. The late Abt, the player, came with his strolling company to Weimar, for the first time since Kotzebue possessed the powers of thought. His curiosity on this occasion was unbounded, and his friend and preceptor, whom he styles the amiable and excellent Musæus, (and to whom he was attached from his infancy,) took him to the theatre.

On

On his first visit, he approached the house with a kind of reverential awe, and his expectations were raised to the highest pitch. The piece was Klopstock's *Death of Adam*. Musæus placed him on a bench that he might see over the heads of the spectators. When the curtain drew up, he was all attention; not a word, not a movement, escaped him: having never before experienced such powerful impressions, he returned home enchanted.

A theatre, soon after established at Weimar by the Duchess Amelia, enabled our author to enjoy, in an unbounded degree, these representations; and our young dramatist not only regularly went to the play himself, but his enthusiasm carried him so far, as to wonder that persons, whose hours were their own, could prefer any other species of entertainment. As a proof of his extreme attention, he could repeat the whole of Lessing's *Emilia Galotti*, without ever having had the book in his hand.

During this time he was a pupil of Musæus, in the Gymnasium at Weimar, and he dedicated a portion of his leisure to the reading of little poetical attempts. About this period, also, the rage for ballets was at its height, and the periodical works swarmed with stories of chivalry and ghosts. Kotzebue composed a ballet to the popular taste; a spirit read a lecture on vice, and the sinner was, in the end, carried away by the devil.

This performance, when finished, was read to Musæus, who expressed his approbation of it in the warmest terms; and nothing could exceed the transports of Kotzebue, when his master exclaimed, "Bravo! go on."

It

It was very natural that the vanity of our author should be highly excited by the approval of so great a man; hence he immediately wrote a comedy, called *All's Well that Ends Well*, which had a strong resemblance to *The Count of Olfbach*; and which the celebrated Goethe, who, in our author's infancy, always treated him with great kindness, and who was in the habit of visiting at his mother's house, honoured by a perusal.

At the age of sixteen years, Kotzebüe left Weimar for Igna, where his first object was to acquire a knowledge of the dead and living languages, in all of which he soon became a proficient. These dry studies did not damp, but rather tended to increase, his ardour for the stage. There being a private theatre established among the students, it was one of his first objects to be admitted a member of the association; and, as it was not customary for ladies to appear in this theatre, the youth and delicate appearance of Kotzebüe often occasioned female characters to be assigned to him, in the performance of which he gained considerable applause. We never heard that he performed on any public stage.

In his eighteenth year, our author produced a romance, which, in his opinion, was little inferior to the Werter of Goethe. The story, indeed, was much more terrific; for, the hero precipitated himself from a high rock, and was dashed to pieces. This little production, which consisted of about eight sheets, was sent to Weygand, the publisher of fashionable romances at Leipzig, from whom Kotzebüe had afterwards the mortification to receive an answer, that the manuscript was at his service, and desiring him to pay the postage: he never,
however,

however, inquired after it. To a mind less vigorous and philosophic than our author's, such a disappointment, at the outset of a literary life, might have proved fatal; but the resources of his were so immense, and his genius so various, that this event had rather a tendency to stimulate than depress. He now returned [1779] to Igna, and studied jurisprudence with considerable zeal. He likewise attended to history, logic, and metaphysics, and continued to improve himself in modern languages. This year our author also produced, at the private theatre, a tragedy, called *Charlotte Frank*, in which he enacted one of the principal characters: it was not, however, very favourably received. Soon afterwards he produced a comedy, which experienced better success. He was about this time the principal cause of instituting a club, from which he derived considerable improvement.

Having studied jurisprudence with great industry, in his nineteenth year he returned to Weimar, was examined by the government, and admitted an advocate. There, as in this country, tardy is success at the bar, "where many a flower is born to blush unseen." While he waited for clients, he himself continued a client of the Muses, and scribbled over several little trifles, which he is not now ambitious to call into notice; he also wrote some tales, which were published by Dyk, at Leipzig, and several little dramatic pieces, the produce of his partiality for the private theatre.

For some time Kotzebue repressed his poetic pursuits; but, in the year 1781, being at Peterburgh, where

where there was a German theatre, his ruling passion returned, and he again found himself in his element. His first production at this place was *Demetrius, Czar of Moscow*, a tragedy in five acts; the representation of which, by a whimsical circumstance, was nearly prohibited. In the history of Demetrius, he is called an impostor: Kotzebue found it convenient to make him a hero. It turned out, however, that there was an old proclamation of Peter the Great, in which this same Demetrius was declared an impostor, and it was with much difficulty the piece was allowed to be performed; but, in consequence of the author's open declaration of the justice of the proclamation, and that the freedom which he had used in his play was merely a *licentia poetica*, the people were reconciled. Kotzebue, also, at this period produced a comedy, called the *Nun and the Chambermaid*, which was represented with great applause, but has never been published, the copy having been, by some accident, lost.

The popularity of our author had acquired him many friends; and, in the year 1782, they proposed to procure him a place at court; but, in order to facilitate their exertions, he was prevailed upon to write a small volume of tales and fables for young princes, to be dedicated to the Grand Duke. Though our author felt little inclination for such a task, he complied, and the volume was to be printed and embellished in a most superb manner by one of his friends. Finding, however, that he was not qualified for this species of composition, he resolved, after the work had proceeded to a considerable length, to repay

the publisher for his expense, and to bury the four sheets which were finished in oblivion. Kotzebue emphatically observes, that their impression cost him some hundred rubles, but his vanity not a sigh.

Our author now went to reside at Revel; and to him the people of that place are indebted for a theatre, which has admirably succeeded, and which opened with a piece, written by himself, called *Every Fool has his Cap*; similar, in plot, to Moliere's *Miser*. It has never yet been published. Previous to this occurrence, our author wrote two plays, called the *Hermit of Formentera*, and *Adelaide of Wulfingen*: the former was represented at the private theatre; we have not heard whether the latter has been performed at all, but we have perused the play, which abounds with interest and situation. It is admirably rendered into English by Mr. Benjamin Thompson, the ingenious translator of the *Stranger*.

In the autumn of 1787, Kotzebue was seized with a severe illness, which reduced him to a state of gloomy dejection. In the very height of this malady, he wrote the *Stranger*, or *Misanthropy and Repentance*, and the *Indians in England*, both of which were finished in nine weeks. During the time he was in this state, he asserts, that he never felt such copiousness of ideas, such vigour of imagination, such fertility of diction; and it is the opinion of Kotzebue, that those maladies, which increase the irritability of the nerves, elevate the powers of the mind to an unusual height. In the year 1790, he produced *The Virgin of the Sun*, *The Child of Love*, (*Lovers' Vows*), and *Brother Moritz, the Humourist*. This year he likewise

likewise proceeded in the collection of his smaller works.

Kotzebüe, who had been for some time married, experienced, in the year 1790, one of the severest dispensations of Providence in the death of an amiable wife, which afflicted him exceedingly, and drove him to Paris. He published an account of this excursion, under the title of *A Flight to Paris*, which was attacked by the critics with uncommon severity. This roused his indignation; and, on his return to Mentz, he ridiculed the Parisians in a farce of exquisite humour, called the *Female Jacobin-Club*.

The author's various dramatic and other works, since written, though denounced by the critics of Germany, have been received with approbation. These are, *Count Benyowsky*; *The Death of Rolla*; *The Youngest Children of my Fancy*, a novel; *Poverty and Honour*; *The Man of Forty Years*; *The Negro-Slaves*; *The Chase*; *The Count of Burgundy*; *The Defamers*; *False Shame*; *La Peyrouse*; &c. &c. &c.

Such are the leading events in the literary history of Kotzebüe. In respect to his private life, he has been too much occupied in the multiplicity of his labours to render it interesting. It has been his ill-fortune to be considered by the Jacobins as an aristocrat; and, by the aristocrats, as a violent republican. It is supposed his *Life of Count Benyowsky*, from certain anecdotes it contained, gave great offence to the late Empress of Russia, and occasioned the author to resign his situation as president of the college of justice, in the Russian province of Livonia, where he had written many of his dramatic novels. Thence he

repaired to the court of Vienna, where he was shortly appointed director and dramatist of the Imperial theatre; a situation he has filled ever since with singular pleasure to himself, and the greatest satisfaction to the emperor, the court, and the public.

Of the great and various excellence of Kotzebüe it is only necessary to observe, that he is considered in Germany equal to Schiller, Island, Beck, Schröder, Wieland, Göethe, and Klopstock, among living authors; and to Lessing and Geßner, among those which are dead. He has caused a sort of *revolution among the play-wrights of this country*: they are alarmed at his success. He has almost exploded the vitiated taste for stage-trick and pantomime, which, for the twelve last years, have imperceptibly crept into our regular comedies. His resources are drawn from nature; and he exhibits, with infinite success, the passions and feelings of the human heart.

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

Observations on Kotzebue's Pizarro, and extracts from Marmontel's Incas. — Account of this work. — Las-Casas's speech to Pizarro. — Returns to Hispaniola. — The affection of the Indians to him manifested in saving his life from a tiger at the risk of their own.

IT will be immediately observed, by persons who have seen the play of *Pizarro*, that very few of the incidents or characters are derived from the real history; but it may be some satisfaction to *curiosity* to be informed, that not only the foundation of *this piece*, but also of another drama by the same prolific author, entitled the *Virgin of the Sun*,* are principally derived from an interesting work, written by Marmontel, entitled "The Incas, or the Destruction of the Empire of Peru." 12mo.

This work is dedicated to the King of Sweden, and purports for its ultimate intention to hold up that hydra-

* This interesting drama has been elegantly translated by Miss Plumptre, a young lady of distinguished merit in the literary world. During the present rage for German dramas, and as this piece is so materially connected with *Pizarro*, I am rather surprised that our winter-magagers have not introduced this *virgin* into the Thespian ball-room. I am fully convinced, that, with the assistance of an *English* dress from Mr. Sheridan or Mr. T. Dibdin, the *Virgin of the Sun* would captivate and delight thousands.

headed monster *Fanaticism* to universal detestation and hatred; to the direful influence of which, (says Marmontel,) the principal atrocities, cruelties, and murders, committed by the Spaniards, are to be attributed.

In this work, the characters of *Cora*, *Alonzo*, and *Las-Casas*, are painted in such glowing and fascinating colours, that they cannot fail to excite our esteem, and to command our admiration. *Valverde*, a priest, is described as a detestable hypocrite; who, under the sacred cloak of religion, conceals a villanous heart, and audaciously perpetrates the most atrocious crimes. Pizarro is depicted as an enterprising courageous soldier, prone to cruelty and tyranny; but, by the counsels of Alonzo and Las-Casas, is shamed into *mercy*, *amity*, and *humanity*.

The characters of *Elvira* and *Rolla*, in the play, are the legitimate children of the German dramatist, and has subjected him to much abusive criticism; the former of whom seems a very inconsistent unnatural character, but the amiable traits of the latter will always command the love and respect of every wise and virtuous man.

As the language, characters, and descriptions, in Marmontel's *Incas* are the finished performance of an *esteemed master*, and but little known in England, I shall quote some passages which have a reference to the plays of the *Virgin of the Sun* and *Pizarro*, and with which, I presume, every reader of taste and sensibility must be truly gratified.

Before Pizarro sailed from *Panama*, a crowd of adventurers offered their services. Their chief, Alonzo de Molina, a young man of worth and spirit, but of rather

too impetuous a courage and too susceptible a disposition, had gained, by the ingenuous openness of his manners, the esteem and friendship of the virtuous Las-Casas. Alonzo prevailed upon him to accompany them from Hispaniola to Pizarro's ship in the port of Panama.

The following speech is addressed by Las-Casas to Pizarro and his followers, previous to their sailing, and forcibly appeals to the humanity and sensibility of every tender heart.

“Of all the superstitions there are in the world,
“the most pernicious is that which holds up to a
“man the persuasion, that all those who are not of
“his belief are enemies to the Almighty. It stifles
“in men's hearts every sentiment of humanity. Then,
“how can a man feel any love for men, whom he
“supposes to be everlasting objects of the hatred and
“vengeance of his God? Hence the barbarous con-
“tempt our people have conceived for the Indians,
“and the savage delight they have so often taken in
“oppressing them. — Ah! far from us be the im-
“pious thought, that God, while man breathes, can
“hate him for a moment. — *These* Indians are the
“works of his hands as well as *you*. He loves his
“works: he made them to be happy. Unchangeable,
“as he is, his will cannot be different *now* from what
“it was *when* he created them; and, infinite as he
“is in power as in goodness, he has a thousand
“ways, to us unknown, of gathering his sheep into
“the fold. — It is not true, then, that the fraternal
“tie, which binds us to our fellow-creatures, has
“been ever broken. Charity, equality, the natural
“and

“ and sacred right of liberty, all subside: and, through-
“ out the whole surface of the globe, Faith, harmo-
“ nizing with Nature, offers to a Christian eye no-
“ thing but friends and brethren. — But if, after all,
“ slavery should be the only means of retaining the
“ Indians under the yoke of faith! . . . Just heaven!
“ *Slavery, the shame and scandal of religion!* Slavery
“ the only means of keeping men steady in her service!
“ — Alas! no. — It is that which dishonours her,
“ which makes her odious, and which would destroy
“ her, if it were in the power of hell to do so. —
“ Slavery, in whatever nation it has been established,
“ has been always cruel: with us, it has been altoge-
“ ther horrible. We have seen the son torn from his
“ father, the wife from her husband, and the mother
“ from her children. We have seen whole companies
“ of men thrown together into a ship's hold, chained
“ down, and crammed in, one upon another, half pe-
“ rished with hunger. We have seen them, when they
“ have been taken out of that horrible grave, pale,
“ emaciated, enfeebled, as they were; we have seen
“ them, I say, condemned that instant to the most heart-
“ breaking drudgeries. — And this, forsooth, is the
“ only way of saving souls! — Now I would ask, have
“ any other means been so much as thought of? Have
“ any pains whatever been taken to instruct them? —
“ Nay, is there so much as the least wish that they
“ should be instructed? — No; the wish is, that they
“ may live and die like so many brute-beasts. — To
“ bring them over by persuasion, the only way is to
“ live along with them, to bear with their indocility,
“ to soothe their affections by gentle treatment, to allure
“ them

“ them by confidence, and to subdue them by generosity.
“ — *No argument so efficacious as that of example; nor*
“ *can religion ever have so powerful an advocate as*
“ *virtue.* — Be virtuous, be upright, and you will be
“ heard. — I think I am myself not ill-acquainted with
“ this new world; but, if you think otherwise, ask
“ any body else that has ever carried the torch of faith
“ into these desolate regions. They will tell you, how
“ absolute an empire is to be gained over the minds
“ of the Indians by reason, equity, beneficence, and
“ heart-consoling truth. — They will tell you whether
“ there ever was a people less tenacious of their opi-
“ nions, more willing to be instructed, more easy to
“ convince. — The case was, that, at the very time a
“ merciful and gracious God was preaching to them,
“ they saw themselves assailed by a swarm of perfidious
“ plunderers; who, in the name of the same God,
“ stripped them of their all, threw them into chains, and
“ worried them by an incessant train of outrages. —
“ Thus circumstanced, is it to be wondered at if they
“ accused of knavery and imposture those who preached
“ up the mildness of his laws? — What I am telling you,
“ I have seen. Yes, these very eyes have seen it. The ca-
“ lumnies that are thrown out against these poor people
“ will not go down where I am. But, were they ever so
“ obstinate and wedded to their errors, is that a reason for
“ treating them like brutes? — But the rigours of fla-
“ very, it is said, are to be relaxed in their favour: —
“ Yes: this has been promised a hundred and a hundred
“ times; but with what fruit? — I have seen Ferdinand
“ affected, Ximenes exasperated, Charles shocked, at
“ the account I gave them of the cruelties practised on

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“ these

“ these poor people. They have tried to remedy the
“ mischief; but, with all their power, they have tried
“ in vain. When the vulture of tyranny has once got
“ the prey within his gripe, he will gorge himself; no-
“ thing can make him quit his hold. No, my friends;
“ there is no middle way; we must either renounce the
“ name of men, abjure the name of Christians, or
“ debar ourselves for ever from the *right of making*
“ *slaves*. — That shameful state of degradation, in
“ which the stronger holds the weaker, is shocking to
“ humanity; but, above all things, most abominable in
“ the eyes of religion. — *Brother, thou art my slave!* is
“ an absurdity in the mouth of any man; but it is per-
“ jury and blasphemy in that of a Christian.

“ And under what title is it, I would be glad to
“ know, that the rage of oppression shelters itself? —
“ *Champions of the faith?* — Faith demands of us no
“ other hearts than what are subdued by reason. —
“ What has faith in common with our avarice and our
“ rapine? — The God we serve, is he a God that
“ thirsteth after gold? — *A pope*, you say, has *divided*
“ *out the Indies!* But, were the Indies his to give? —
“ Had he himself that right which men lay claim to in
“ his name? — Whatever right he may have had to
“ give the inhabitants of this world in charge to such
“ as will make it their business to *instruct* them, he can
“ have none to deliver them over as prey to men whose
“ only view is plunder. — No; he could have no such
“ views. His grant was meant, not for *cut-throats*, but
“ for *apostles*. — If the Indies then are yours, it is only
“ by right of conquest; and this right, a tyrannical one
“ at best, the *happiness* only of the *conquered*, if any
“ thing,

" thing, can legitimate. No, Pizarro; it is only by
 " clemency and goodness that it can be rendered just;
 " and it is from the use you make of victory that you
 " will merit the character either of a ruffian, by your
 " fury, or a hero, by your beneficence. Ah! trust me,
 " never wait for the moment of license and confusion
 " to apply a curb to victory. Devote this day, as you
 " seem to have intended, to holy resolution. — These
 " warriors seem to be touched by the representation
 " of the calamities I have been painting to you. I con-
 " jure you, in the name of religion, in the name of
 " your country, and in the name of human nature,
 " to spare such of the Indians as shall submit to you;
 " to respect their properties, their liberties, and their
 " lives."

This philanthropic and anti-tyrannic (if I may be allow-
 ed the expression) speech of Las-Casas was but ill relished
 by Luque, and some others of this mercenary band. They
 looked upon the good Las-Casas as a dangerous compa-
 nion, and feared his admonitions might bias some of
 their followers, and thereby counteract their villanous
 schemes. This is often the case: vice shrinks from a
 comparison with virtue; it either seeks to level it, or
 flies from its benign influence.

Las-Casas was obliged to leave the ship; and, in re-
 turning to Hispaniola, was conducted by some Indians,
 one of whom addressed him as follows:

" Good father! we know thou lovest us, and art
 " sorry for us. We know all thou hast done for us.
 " We know what pains thou hast taken to persuade
 " our masters not to use us so. — Wilt thou let us make
 " glad the hearts of our brethren by conducting thee to
 " Capana, our chief. He would give ten years of his

“ life to hear thee, if it were but for a moment. — The
“ path that leads to his retreat is rough, indeed, narrow,
“ and every now and then a gully or a precipice in the
“ way ; but thou shalt ride in a chair of wicker-work,
“ and we will take it by turns to carry thee.”

Las-Cafas granted their request ; and, as they were passing along a narrow defile between two hills, a roar was heard that made the forests ring. The Indians turned pale ; their hair stood on end upon their heads ; they perceived what it was. — It was the roar of a tiger. — They stood still and listened. The roar came nearer and nearer. Upon which the Indians collected into a circle round Las-Cafas. “ Let us get round thee,” said they to him, “ and do not be afraid ; he will take “ but *one*, and it will not be thee.” — In effect, up came the tiger that instant ; and, making but three bounds to cross the valley, fastened upon an Indian, and made off with him into the woods without slackening his pace. The pious anchorite lifted up his hands to heaven, gave a doleful shriek, and dropped down to the ground, overcome with grief and consternation. But, presently recovering, and finding himself in the midst of his faithful Indians, who were busy in calling back his scattered spirits, “ Ah ! my friends ;” said he, “ what “ a fight is this !” — “ Nay now, father, never mind “ it,” said the poor creatures ; “ *this* is nothing at all.” — “ Nothing, say you ! Good heavens ! What, do “ you call *this* *nothing* ? — “ Oh ! no, father, the “ *tigers* are nothing to the *Spaniards*.” — “ Oh ! impious and inhuman race !” exclaimed the anchorite ; “ what shame does this reflect on you ! And so, in “ comparison of you, even tigers are not feared.”

C H A P,

C H A P. IV.

Pizarro lands at Puerto Quemado. — War with the savages. — Death-song of an old Indian. — Alonzo leaves the Spaniards and goes to Quito. — Account of a dreadful storm, and his perilous situation among serpents, and with the savage Indians.

PIZARRO, having effected a landing on the coasts called Puerto Quemado, committed great slaughter, carrying havoc and devastation wherever he went. An old cacique, aged and decrepid, was unable to make his escape. The Spaniards seized him, and demanded which way the Indians were gone: he pointed to the woods. — They asked him under what roof he lived: he pointed to the sky. — They proposed to carry him: he gave them an indignant look, and pointed to the ground. — Solicitous to overcome this obstinate silence, they began by employing treacherous caresses. These had no effect. Next, they betook themselves to threats: he heard them unconcerned. Their impatience turned at last to fury. They shewed him, and made ready before his eyes, the preparations for torture: he beheld them with contempt. "Fools!" said he, with a smile of bitterness and disdain; "they think to render death terrible to old age, as if they could invent a greater evil than decrepitude." — The Castillians, no longer able to endure his insults, fastened him to a stake, and kindled a slow fire all around him.

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The old man, as soon as he felt the fire, summoned up his spirits, and armed himself with an inflexible resolution. His countenance, animated with the glow of independence, brightened up and took a cast of more than wonted dignity. — Thus began his song of death :
“ When first I came into the world, Pain got hold on
“ me, and I wept ; for, I was then a child. I looked
“ around me, and, behold ! *all creatures* suffered ; every
“ thing about me was in a way to die. Yet could I
“ not help wishing neither to suffer nor to die ; and,
“ like a child as I was, I yielded myself to impatience.
“ I became a man. Then said Pain to me, ‘ Let us
“ wrestle together. If thou be the stronger, I will
“ yield ; but, if thou let thyself be beat down, I will
“ tear thee, I will trample on thee ; yea, and I will
“ flap my wings over thee as the vulture over her prey.’
“ Shall it be so ? said I : begin, then ! so we set foot
“ to foot. It is now sixty years since the struggle first
“ began ; and, lo ! here am I still upon my ground ;
“ nor has it cost me yet a tear. — I have seen my
“ friends falling by your hands, and my heart has stifled
“ all complaint. I have seen my son crushed before
“ my face, nor yet has the water started in my eyes.
“ What would Pain have of me more ? Knows she
“ not who I am ? Behold, she is come to grapple with
“ me now for the last time. She has summoned up
“ all her strength ; and does she think to shake my
“ resolution ? I defy her with my latest breath ; yea,
“ and laugh to see her hasten on that death which will
“ deliver me from her for ever. — Does she think to
“ go on and fight with my ashes ? Vain thought ! the
“ ashes of the dead are proof against her fury. — And
“ you,

“ you, ye cowards! you, whom she employs to prove
“ me; you will live on; you will be a prey to her in
“ your turns. — Ye are come to strip and plunder us;
“ but ye will fight *brother with brother* over our misera-
“ ble spoils. Your hands, first drenched in our blood,
“ will then besmear themselves with your own; and
“ your bones and our bones, scattered pell-mell over
“ our desolated fields, will make peace; they will sleep
“ together, and mingle their dust, as if they had been
“ friendly bones. — Meantime, burn on, tear on. Make
“ what you can of this body, which I now abandon
“ to you. — See ye yon hungry birds that hover over
“ our heads? Ye rob them of one meal, but ye keep
“ ready for them another. It is your turn to-day, but
“ it will be theirs to-morrow.”

Thus fung the aged warrior: and, the more the pain increased, the fiercer were his insults. A Spaniard, (Moralez,) provoked by the continued reproaches of the old man, took up an arrow, and discharged it into his body. The Indian, feeling that the wound was mortal, turned to Moralez with a look of calm disdain: “ Ah! young man,” he cried; “ young man! thy impatience has lost thee a fair occasion of *learning how to suffer.*”

Alonzo, disgusted with Pizarro's cruelties, leaves him at Tumbez, where he is treated by the Indians with the most endearing hospitality. They offer him the choice of their most lovely daughters for a wife: the cacique offers him his crown, and begs him to reign over them. But Alonzo, wishing to apprise Ataliba of the danger which awaited him from Pizarro and his associates, begs that two Indians may conduct him from Tumbez to the
court

court of Quito, to put the king upon his guard. Alonzo with the two guides commence their journey; and, when got pretty near the line, and were about to pass a torrent that falls into the River of Emeralds, Alonzo observed his two guides change countenance on a sudden, and then talk together with great appearance of agitation. He asked what it was disturbed them. "Look there!" said one of them; "just over yonder mountain! Seest thou that black spot in the sky? It will soon get bigger and bigger, and make a frightful storm." — In fact, a few minutes afterwards, the spot began to spread; and the summit of the mountain was soon covered with a black cloud. The savages made haste to pass the torrent; they also assisted Alonzo: when a hollow murmur gave warning of the approaching storm. All on a sudden, its fury began to shew itself by frightful whistlings. Thick darkness spread over the earth and heaven. The lightning, piercing through this veil, served only to make its blackness seem the more intense. A thousand peels of thunder, reverberating from an immense chain of mountains, made a roaring which seemed to grow louder and then fainter by alternate fits, like that of the sea when agitated by a storm. The mountain, unable to resist the shock of the thunder and the winds, tottered and yawned with many a hideous chasm; whence the impetuous torrents gushed with a mighty noise. The affrighted animals were flying every where out of the woods into the plains; and, by the glimmerings of the lightning, the pale travellers might behold the lion, the tiger, the lynx, and the leopard, trembling like themselves. In the common peril that threatened all animated nature, ferocity was forgotten.

gotten. One of Alonzo's guides had in his fright gained the projecting corner of a rock. A cataract, pouring down from the higher part of the mountain, undermined this projection, and carried it away; the Indian, as he was clinging to it, was tumbled with it into the flood. The other Indian thought he had found safety in a hollow tree; but a column of fire, the summit of which lost itself in the clouds, striking upon the tree, consumed it with its unfortunate inhabitant.* Meantime Alonzo was wasting his strength in wrestling with the violence of the waters. He kept groping about in the dark; laying hold sometimes of the branches, sometimes of the roots, of trees that happened to fall in his way, without a thought about his guides; without any other sentiment, in short, than that of self-preservation; for, these are moments of affright when compassion loses all its influence; and when the wretch, absorbed in the thought of his own danger, has no feeling but for himself.

At length he scrambled, still creeping on all-fours, to the bottom of a cragged rock. There, by the favour of the lightning, he espied a deep and dreary cavern; the sight of which, at any other time, would have struck him with affright. Covered over with bruises,

* This incident is represented at the Royal Circus with terrific justness. The grand Ballad Spectacle of CORA, at this theatre, commences with the above scene; and it is no panegyric to say, it equals any scenic representation I ever beheld. Indeed, the whole of the scenery in this piece displays the masterly touch of an artist of pre-eminent picturesque abilities. — Some forests and trees display a variety of tints and colours in different seasons. — But the artist who painted these scenes will ever bear the name of *Greenwood*.

exhausted with fatigue, he crawled in, and threw himself down at the bottom of the cave ; and he had just time to render thanks to heaven before sensation left him. — The storm at length subsided, the thunder and winds ceased to drive against the mountain, the torrents abated of their rapidity, and Alonzo began to feel the balm of sleep insinuating into his veins. But a noise, more terrible than that of the tempest, struck his ear the instant he was about to yield himself to that kindly influence.

This noise, resembling the rattling of pebbles, came from a multitude of serpents, who, like him, had taken this cavern for their place of refuge. The roof of it was covered with them. There, interlacing one with another in knots, they made, whenever they moved, that fearful noise, the nature of which he was not long in recollecting. He well knew that the venom of these serpents was the most subtle of poisons ; that it kindles in an instant in every vein a devouring fire, which consumes, in the midst of intolerable agonies, the wretch who has the misfortune to experience their bite. He heard them, as he thought, at every instant ; he fancied he felt them crawling about him ; he imagined he could sometimes see them hanging over his head, sometimes twining one upon another, and ready to dart upon him with confederated rage. His exhausted courage failed him. — His blood chilled in his veins. — Scarce did he dare to draw his breath. — Should he attempt to crawl out of the cave, he was afraid of grasping or treading upon one of these horrid reptiles. Now trembling at every joint ; then, for some time entranced, as it were, and motionless. Surrounded all the while, as he knew himself to be, by a thousand deaths, he passed a long night in
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the most cruel agonies, wishing, yet dreading, to see light again; reproaching himself for the terror that rivetted him to his seat, and making continual but ineffectual efforts to get the better of his weakness. The day, when at last it came to break, shewed him how far his fears were from being groundless. He then saw all the danger he had before only apprehended. He had however no choice to make, but either to get out or die. He gathered up with difficulty the little strength he had left. He raised himself up softly; and, with his hands resting upon his quivering knees, he tottered out of the cave, pale and haggard, like a spectre out of a tomb. The same storm, which had thrown him into this danger, preserved him under it; for, the serpents had been as much frightened as himself; and it is the instinct of all animals to lay aside every mischievous propensity while their attention is engaged by danger.

A mild and pleasant day succeeded this terrible night; and day-light disclosed to him the dreadful havoc which the storm had made on the woods, the rocks, and the mountains. He called for his companions . . . in vain. He looked for his provision: . . . it was not to be found. — He wandered about not knowing which way to direct his steps. — At last he espied a path, leading between a gap in the mountains. He pursued it, in hopes of finding some human assistance. Having reached at last the termination of this dreary road, he discovered a campaign country, interspersed here and there with huts. Scarce had he made his appearance, when the savage inhabitants came and furrounded him with shouts of exultation, which he took for marks of welcome. He

accosted them with open arms. He begged their assistance ; he craved their compassion. — But how greatly was he surpris'd to find, instead of that gentleness of manners and hospitality which he experienced at Tumbez, savage looks and craving appearance, and at last to be loaded with shackles. He was thus led to their village. — The women came out to meet him with their children in their hands. They flocked round the stake to which he was tied ; and in this company he was left awhile. He now plainly saw he was fallen among a tribe of man-eaters. When they tied his hands, they stripp'd him : a sad prelude to his approaching fate ! He saw the savages running backward and forward through the villages, inviting one-another to the feast ; the women dancing and singing round him. While they were thus rejoicing, the unhappy Alonzo, pale and trembling, kept looking at them, as the poor fainting stag eyes the ferocious hounds, who are ready to tear him to pieces. Nature, however, was strong enough to make one last effort. He summoned up the little strength his fear had left him, and thus address'd himself to the female savages : — “ Mothers,” said he, “ when your children are hanging at your breasts, and their father is fondling them and smiling on you with the smile of love, should you not think it hard were any one to come and tear to pieces the father and the child before your faces, as you are going to tear me ? I am a peaceable inoffensive man ; a man who never did you any harm. A woman like yourselves bore me in her womb, and fed me with her milk. If she were here, you would see her tremble with unutterable agony ; conjuring you, if you have any bowels, “ to

“ to spare her unhappy son. Could you, do you think,
“ be proof against her tears, and would you see a son
“ slaughtered in a mother’s arms? For my own part,
“ life is no great matter to me; but what affects me
“ much more is the danger that threatens you, and the
“ anxiety to defend you against a tremendous power
“ that is coming to attack you. I knew of it; and it
“ was on your account I was going to Quito to implore
“ the assistance of the inca. For your sake have I been
“ exposing myself to the perils of a long and toilsome
“ journey; and for this am I going to be torn to pieces
“ by your hands.” — The women, astonished at what
they heard, kept their eyes fixed on him as he spoke;
and, by degrees, their savage hearts relented, and were
softened to compassion. The united force of youth and
beauty’s few hearts are so stubborn as to resist. From
the moment he had finished what he had to say, his
paleness was gone off, the roses of his cheeks and his
lips re-assumed their lustre. His fine black eyes, indeed,
cast not those looks of fire they would have sparkled
with in a time of love or joy; they languished, and they
looked but the more tender. His auburn locks, waving
in long ringlets over the ivory of his captive shoulders,
served as a foil to their enchanting white; and his
shape, in which all the charms of elegance, grace, and
majesty, were combined, completed every thing that was
wanting to make a perfect model. The women were
not insensible to his charms.

Meantime the men were gathered about him in great
numbers, armed with a kind of hard stones, which they
had a way of sharpening. They were just going to fall
upon him, but were prevented by the women, who
clung

clung round him, declaring they would protect him. This greatly exasperated the men-savages, who seemed ready to devour him with their eyes. "No, tigers!" cried the women; "not a drop of his blood shall ye taste, unless you drink ours too. If ye murder him, we will cut your children's throats, we will tear them piecemeal." — At which words, the most furious of them seized their children by the hair; and, holding them up in that manner with one hand before their husbands' eyes, kept gnashing their teeth and howling. The men were frightened. "Well, let him live," they said, "if you will have it so." And they untied Alonzo.

With grateful thanks to his female deliverers, who had also furnished him with a guide, he took his leave, and pursued his journey towards Quito.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Account of CORA, and the ceremony of sacrifice to the sun. — Interview of Cora and Alonzo. — Account of the volcano at Quito, when Alonzo carries off Cora and seduces her. — Interview between Alonzo and Cora's father. — Trial of Cora. — Alonzo appears, rescues her from death, and obtains an 'abrogation of the law.

THE Peruvians, says Marmontel, have four grand and solemn festivals, answering to the four primary divisions of human life: viz. the festival of nativity, of marriage, of parentage, and of death. The following is a description of one of the grand festivals, where Cora is introduced, and consecrated a bride of the sun.*

The flower of the youth of both sexes, parties of young men and maidens, all of more than common beauty, holding garlands, with which they are about to adorn the sacred columns, dancing round them, and chanting the praises of the sun and of his children. Their robes of light down, the produce of a shrub

* This scene is got up with great magnificence and splendour at the Royal Circus, and reflects considerable credit on the ingenious manager; whose laudable emulation of surpassing all competition was never more displayed than upon the present occasion.

which

which grows in these rich valleys, rivalled the whiteness of the mountain-snow. Its waving folds gave leave to beauty to display all its charms; but *modestly*, in those happy regions, served as a veil to nature. *Mystery is the offspring of vice*. Under the eye of innocence, innocence has no need to blush. As they danced round the columns of the temple, they encircled one-another with their garlands; and this mysterious chain served to typify the charms of that connection of which the laws are the cement. But now the shadow of the columns had shrunk close to their base. It grew shorter and shorter still, and was upon the point of vanishing. — Then burst forth anew the songs of worship and rejoicing; and the inca, falling on his knees at the foot of that column, where his father's golden throne blazed with a thousand fires, "Source inexhaustible of all good things! O Sun!" cried he, "my father! No gift can thy children offer thee that does not come from thee! Great as are to us thy bounties, they are as unavailing to thy happiness as to thy glory. The rich harvests ripened by thy warmth, the fruits coloured by thy rays, the flocks nourished by the juices of thy herbs and flowers, are treasures but to us: to diffuse them all around is to imitate thee. The aged and the infirm, the fatherless and the widow, who receive them in thy name, these are they, within whose bosom, as on thy altar, we ought to pay our tribute. Look not therefore upon the tribute, which I am about to offer thee, but as a solemn token of gratitude and love."

All the people joined in thanksgiving to the sun, for having given them such good kings; and the monarch, preceded

preceded by the pontif, the priests, and the holy virgins, repaired to the temple to offer to the god the customary offering.

On the vestibule of the temple, presented themselves to the eyes of the prince three young virgins, whom their parents had just consecrated to the sun. A light wreath of cotton, encircling them all together, served to screen them from profane eyes. Nature in those climates had never till now produced such beauty. The three incas, their fathers, led them by the hand; and their mothers, by their side, held in their hands the end of that mysterious girdle, the sign and pledge of that spotless chastity they had devoted themselves to maintain. The king, saluting them with an air of devotion, introduced them into the temple: the *high-priest* follows them, and the temple-doors are shut. The three virgins bend themselves before the image of their celestial spouse, and at the same instant the high-priest unties the veil. — It falls: — and then what charms it exposes to the face of day! — The monarch thought himself transported to the court of the sun, his father. He fancied himself in the presence of those celestial females, in whose company that beneficent divinity solaces himself after the toil of illuminating the universe. The countenance of two of those charming maids gave unaffected tokens of serenity and content. Full of the honor of their new condition, their hearts feasted on the soft sentiment of a pure and tender piety, unembittered by the least tincture of regret. The other, and the most beautiful of the three, in a face that bespoke the same innocent simplicity, betrayed evident symptoms of melancholy and dejection. Cora, (that was the name of the reluctant maid,) be-

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fore

fore the vow that was to detach her from mankind had passed her lips, seized her father's hand, and imprinted on it an ardent kiss, and suffered no more to escape her at first than a timid and half-stifled sigh; but shortly after, raising up her beautiful eyes and directing them to her mother, she springs into her arms, bathes her bosom with tears, and exclaims, with a voice of agony, "My mother! my mother!" — Her parents, blinded by a cruel piety, were strangers to the source of her disorder. They saw no more in it than the concern that naturally attends upon a last farewell, and the struggle of a heart which is detaching itself from what it had held most dear. She herself imputed the pangs she felt to no other cause than to the force of blood and the workings of nature. "Tendrest and best of fathers! My sweet mother! a thousand times dearer to me than life! Must I then part with you *for ever?*" — She knew not that she felt any other regrets than these; and the priest, deceived as well as she, suffered her to complete her rash and cruel vow. — The time now came, when the virgins were commanded to listen to the law, which annexed such tremendous penalties to the breach of that engagement. Cora's two companions heard the priest without emotion, and almost without concern. She alone, by an instinct that seemed a preface of her misfortune, found her heart misgive her. Her colour changed, a thick mist diffused itself over her eyes, the roses even of her lips turned pale and vanished, and her tongue faltered as she pronounced the vow, which her heart was destined to abjure. All this was not sufficient to undeceive her parents or the pontif. With officious eagerness they employed themselves in endeavouring

endeavouring to support her sinking spirits, to soothe her troubled heart, to intoxicate her tender imagination with the glory of having a divinity for her spouse. Reflection was for a moment laid asleep; and the helpless maid suffered herself to be led into the inviolable asylum of the spouses of the sun.

A civil war, continues Marmontel, threatens to break out in the kingdom of the incas. Ataliba, king of Quito, solicits the mediation of Alonzo between him and his brother Huascar, at Cusco. Previous to Alonzo's departure, the inca offers a sacrifice to the sun, at which Alonzo is permitted to be present.

The *virgins of the sun*, who were admitted into the temple, ministered to the pontif at the altar. It was the unhappy destiny of *Cora* to officiate on this solemn day. She approached with a veil on her head, and her brow crowned with flowers. Her eyes were cast down, but her long eye-lashes permitted a sparkling radiance to escape them. Her lovely hands trembled, her lips were agitated, her bosom panted, and every circumstance expressed the sensibility of her heart.* Happy would she have been, had her timid eyes never seen Alonzo. — One glance destroyed her. — This imprudent glance presented to her view the most formidable enemy to her repose and happiness. This sentiment, the germ of

* The elegant and graceful Mrs. Wybrow performs this part of the character equal to the author's description. The fascinating manners and playing of this actress justly personifies the poet's description:

"Grace in her steps, heaven in her eyes, and in every gesture
dignity and love."

which nature had planted in her bosom, disclosed itself all at once.

In her agitation, occasioned by the sight of the Spaniard, whose beauty was still improved by *his dress*,* she scarcely could prevent the golden basket, that contained the offering, from falling out of her hands. Her cheek lost its colour, and her heart alternately suspended and redoubled its palpitation. A sudden chillness succeeded to the fever that throbbed within her veins, and her trembling knees almost failed to support her. Confused and embarrassed, she returned towards the altar. She directed a suppliant look towards the image of the sun, which appeared to reflect the features of Alonzo. — “O God!” said she; “what can this delirium mean? How hath this young stranger bewildered my senses! I am no more myself.” — They retired from the temple; and Cora sought that asylum, where she had heretofore found her days pass in peaceful languor. It now appeared a gloomy dreadful prison. Her heart sighed for freedom, but sighed in vain. — He was always present to her fancy. — “What! never, never,” says she, “shall the illusion, which occupies my fancy, become a reality? — Ah! why did I ever see thee, thou dear object of my thoughts, if I am condemned to see thee no more? — Ah! come at least before I die. Come, thou adorable man, and see what ravage the sight of thee alone hath made in a weak heart. — Come, behold and pity thy victim. — Awake, asleep, he alone possesses my thoughts. I would give my

* Did not Mr. C. Kemble take a hint from this passage?

“ life

“ life to realize one of my dreams, and that but for
“ a moment. — Oh! my father! what have you done?
“ And what have I myself done? — Why did I go from
“ you? — Why bury myself alive? — Alas! my
“ veneration for you was so full of affection! I would
“ have served you with so much attention and love! —
“ Oh! my father! my father!” —

That rapid and terrible lightning, which kindles at once two hearts made for each other, had stricken at the same instant both the young Indian and Alonzo. Surprised to see such a combination of charms, agitated and enraptured with the single look she cast upon him, he followed her with his eyes to the extremity of the temple, and became jealous even of the god whom he saw her adore. Gloomy, restless, and impatient, he returned to the palace. Every thing distressed and constrained him. He endeavoured to recall his reason. He reproached himself for entertaining so foolish a passion; condemned himself, and blushed at it. One look of this priestess had transferred into his heart the delightful poison of hope. — Indissoluble vows, a severe slavery, and an inaccessible prison, by turns presented themselves to his thoughts; and, though he saw the difficulties of each, yet hope deserted not his breast.

“ To possess Cora is impossible!” said he; “ but, if
“ she loves me, if she knows that I adore her, if our
“ hearts correspond to each other, the consciousness of
“ it will afford consolation. — What! amongst a
“ religious people, to attempt a sacrilegious violation of
“ their laws! and, in the court of a king, to trample
“ on the rights of hospitality!” — These were so many
crimes, that they made Alonzo tremble. — Seeking to
soothe

foothe his melancholy in solitude, he retired to the sacred inclosure where Cora was confined. The bounds were extensive and overshadowed by thick trees, whose stately height added solemnity to the venerable scene. Here he ruminated long in musing anxiety, and was just about to leave the spot, when a terrible event occurred to thwart his virtuous resolutions.

When the Indians were one day dispersed in the field, ploughing, sowing, and reaping, and the daughters of the sun, in the recesses of their palace, were employed spinning and weaving, a sudden sound was heard at first in the entrails of the mountains, resembling that of the sea when a tempest is collecting. By degrees it deepens, and at length becomes a low and hollow murmur. The earth trembles, a rumbling noise is heard in the air, and black vapours conceal the sky. The temple and palace totter, and threaten to fall in ruins. The mountain heaves, and its summit rends asunder by the winds compressed within it. Torrents of liquid lava and volumes of reddening smoke enkindle and dart forth from the bottom of the abyss in rapid whirls, with immense shivers of burning rocks.* — What a majestic and awful picture! To behold rivers of fire urging their headlong course, in glittering floods, over immense heaps of snow, and excavating in them a deep and ample bed!

Within and without the walls, desolation, astonishment, and terror, at once prevail. The husbandman fears to break the surface of the earth, which fluctuates

* This scene is likewise displayed at the Circus; where the running of the lava down the ridge of the mountain, and demolition of the walls appertaining to the temple of the sun, are finely managed.

like

like the sea beneath his feet. Some of the priests of the sun tremblingly rush out of the temple: others, in consternation, cling to the altar of their god. The virgins, distracted, desert the palace; the roofs of which threaten to descend upon their heads; and, running into the wide inclosure, all pale and dishevelled, they extend their timid hands towards those walls, from which even Pity herself durst not offer them relief.

Alonzo, alone, wandering round this inclosure, heard their plaintive cries. He trembled for Cora. Every cry he heard seemed to come from her alone. — Wild, and shuddering with grief and fear, he searches, and at length discovers a passage through the ruins. — Transported with joy, he climbs the fragments of the sacred wall, enters the inclosure, and eagerly sought (though in the darkness of night) the dear object of his fear and hope. Any other eyes than those of a lover, occupied entirely with the object of his passion, would have sought in vain to distinguish her. — He saw her. — He knew her. — The graces, which in her terror had not forsaken her, rendered her at a distance conspicuous to her lover. He suppressed his first transports for fear of alarming her, and advanced with caution. — “Cora,” says he, “a God watches over us and defends our lives.” — Cora, intimidated at his address, stops. — At the same instant, the earth quakes; and the mountain, with a loud noise, casts forth a blaze of light, which discovers to the priestess Alonzo with open arms. — “O thou,” says he, “whom I have adored from the moment I first saw thee in the temple! thou, for whom I live! — “Cora, be not afraid. It is heaven hath sent me to
“deliver

"deliver thee. Follow me, let us quit these fatal scenes.
"Suffer me to save thee."

Cora, feeble and trembling, yielded to his entreaty. He clasped her to his bosom, and bore her without difficulty over the broken wall. — "Whither go I?" says Cora. — "My senses are disordered by affright!
"I know not where, nor even with whom, I am. —
"What will become of me! Oh! pity me." —
"You are," replies Alonzo, "under the protection of
"a man, who lives only for you. — The first duty of
"humanity, and that to which the earliest tendency of
"human nature inclines us, is self-preservation. At the
"moment when death surrounded and pursued you,
"there was neither vow, nor law, which must not
"submit to this invincible impulse. To-morrow, when
"all will be calm, before the dawn, you may go back
"to those gardens, where your terrified companions
"will have passed the night, and the secret of your
"absence will never be discovered." — The volcano ceasing, the sky recovered its azure lustre; and the moon, by her soothing splendour, seemed disposed to restore tranquillity to nature. — Alonzo and his tender companion were seeking an asylum. — "Rest yourself,
"my dear Cora," says Alonzo. "Here repose; and,
"in the calm silence of an indulgent night, permit me
"to satiate my soul with the pleasure of viewing you,
"and adoring your numberless charms." — Cora consented to sit down. — Sitting at the knees of Cora, Alonzo scarcely breathed. — The solicitude, the surprise, that fearful timidity, which blends itself with the impetuosity of desire, and is redoubled at the approach of enjoyment, suspended his impatience. He pressed
with

with his hands, and applied to his lips, the trembling hand of Cora. "Daughter of heaven!" says he to her; "and is it thee then that I possess? Thee, the sole object of my wishes? — Who could have thought, that a prodigy, at which nature shudders, should prove the means of our meeting; and that the earth should be stricken with terror, only to draw off the prying eyes of thy inhuman guard. — We are alone, free from restraint, and concealed from every witness but the night, which never betrays the tender secrets of love. — But these precious moments are fleeting, let us improve the next; and, if I am dear to thee, Cora, *bid me be happy*. . . . "Be happy!" she replied: — and, from that moment, a cloud obscured futurity.

Every object to their eyes now wore new beauty. The serenity of the night, the solitude and silence which prevailed around them, diffused a charm they had never felt before. — "Ah! delicious retreat!" said Cora. "Why seek another asylum? — This mild radiance, this verdant seat, these trees, all seem to ask, whither would you go? where can you be more happy than with us?" — Cora pressed him in her arms, and he felt the tears from her eyes flow down his cheek. — "My friend," said she, "if it be possible, let us force from our bosoms the presage that afflicts us. — My heart is rent, as thine will be; but forgive me. — I am bound by a sacred and terrible duty, which tears me from your arms; and, from this moment, I must bid you farewell for ever. — When I was devoted at the altar, my parents became sureties for my fidelity. The blood of a father and mother is the

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"pledge

“pledge of my vows. A fugitive and perjured, I give
 “up them to torture. My crime devolves on them,
 “and they must bear the punishment. — Such is the
 “rigour of the law.” — “O God! you tremble! . . .
 “What have you done? — And what have I done?”
 cries he, falling with his face on the ground. — “Why
 “did you not sooner discover to me the abyss, into
 “which I was falling and dragging you? — Leave me.
 “— Thy love, thy grief, thy tears, redouble my hor-
 “ror! — What! would you that I should conduct you
 “back? — That to me would be fatal. — To retain
 “you! Oh no! — I am not a monster. — She
 “goes then. . . . Stop! stop! . . . I die.” —

The distressed Cora, on hearing his cries, returned all trembling. He views her; embraces her; wets her with his tears; feels himself bathed with hers; swears to her eternal love; and, in the excess of his grief, grows wild, and again relapses. — At length, having surmounted the conflict of his passions, he takes her by the hand, and in haste leads her back to the foot of those walls, within which she goes to conceal her crime, her love, and her despair.

Alonzo leaves Quito with a sorrowful heart, dreading the fatal consequences of his interview with Cora. He returns to Cusco, and in vain endeavours to cement a peace between the two brothers, Ataliba and Huascar; the latter being resolutely determined on war. Alonzo returns; and, at the sacrifice in the temple, fought for Cora in vain; she was not present. He retired, and endeavoured to soothe his mind by sleep; but was soon disturbed by a venerable old man. Hoary locks hung round his forehead; and his countenance, though pale
 and

and gloomy, retained, amidst his grief, a noble and majestic air. "I am the father of Cora," said he. "My daughter sent me: I come in compliance with her last request. — Go, unhappy youth! and leave us to bear the misfortunes in which you have involved us. You have brought disgrace and death into an innocent family, which had been still innocent but for you." — At these words, the old man fell down in a swoon. — Alonzo raised him. — "Speak!" said he. "What have I done?" — "Cruel man! can you ask? — My daughter, too weak and too simple, alas! to resist your artifices; my daughter hath disclosed to me her perfidy and sacrilege, in yielding herself the victim of your wishes. Her pregnancy she no longer could hide. To-morrow, her shame will be known. To-morrow, she, her mother, and I, her innocent sisters and brothers, will be led forth to receive the sentence of the law. Solitude, infamy, and eternal sterility, will mark the place of her birth. Our ashes will be dispersed, we shall have no grave. — Go, then! my daughter conjures you. The unhappy girl still loves you; and, when she confided to me the secret of her soul, she made me promise not to betray it. But she dreads lest your distress should discover you; and therefore entreats it, as the only compensation for her death, of which you are the cause, that you will not be present at her sufferings." — While the Indian was speaking, remorse and despair rent the heart of Alonzo. His eyes fixed on the ground, his hair rising with horror, his motionless stupidity, — all bespoke a criminal condemned by his judge; and that judge his conscience. He fell

at the old man's feet; and, in broken accents, with difficulty articulated these words: "Oh! my father! my crime you know; but do you know by what fatality I was urged to commit it? Do you know how terrible a moment of fear and disorder gave into my power your dying daughter, and threw her into my arms? We are both undone, and have involved you in our ruin. I seek not to appease you. Behold my bosom! behold my sword!" — "Go!" said the old man. "Thy blood will neither restore to me the mother nor her children. It will not exempt me from death, and it would cause me to die guilty. You were distracted: I believe it. You are neither wicked nor perfidious; but, when you are, we have in heaven a God to judge and to punish." — "No!" said Alonzo; "you shall not die. Despise me not so far, as to think that I wish to conceal myself, and basely fly. I will appear, confess the whole, undertake your defence, and rescue you from the abyss into which I have plunged you, or perish in it myself." — "Know you," asked the old man, "any protection against the laws, and the remorse that follows a breach of an oath? I have promised the sun to remain subject to his laws. My word and faith are stronger than ties to me than chains. You are not bound by these severe laws, and therefore may remove. Spare my daughter the horror of your punishment." — "Go," said Alonzo, "I swear to her that her lover never will desert her. I am a husband and a father. There is no danger that courage cannot surmount, when inspired by love and by nature." — The old man sunk on his bosom, pitied and forgave him. — A report was

was soon spread, that the asylum had been profaned, and that the sun required an expiation. The pontif impeached the criminal before the supreme tribunal: the pit was dug and the pile prepared. The king appeared as usual in the portico of the palace. A trembling multitude surrounded the throne. The pontif and priests ushered in the young and timid Cora. Her father, overwhelmed with grief; her mother, pale and fainting; her two sisters, not less lovely than herself; and her three brothers, the hopes of an illustrious family; (all victims of the same law;) appeared to receive their punishment.

Cora, whom, on account of her weakness and terror, it was necessary to support, sunk down, without colour or life, at the sight of her judge. After some time, she was revived, and he interrogated her. She replied, with frankness, "It was on that horrible night, when the volcano threatened to destroy these walls. My terror threw me into the arms of a deliverer. This was my misfortune and my crime. — Son of the sun! if it be possible to remit a part of the punishment, attend to the voice of nature which opposes this law. I implore not mercy for myself: I know that my death is inevitable. But, behold a father, a mother, sisters, and brothers, who are guiltless! It is for them, that, with my dying breath, I ask for favour." — The father appealed to the inca in behalf of his daughter, accusing himself of being the author of her misery and crime, in first devoting her to the vow, and resigning her, regardless of the voice of nature. "Her crime," said her father, "alas! her first crime, was obedience to me; her respect and love for me have destroyed her.

" I

"I am the executioner of my daughter: I drag her to punishment!" — On uttering these words, the old man embraced his daughter. — Sobs stopped his voice. — His heart was agonized with grief; and the tears, which gushed forth from his eyes, streamed over the bosom of Cora. Every one sympathized in his sorrow. The monarch himself was moved; but, constrained by the law to exercise rigour, proceeded; and ordered Cora to discover her ravisher and accomplice. — Cora trembled, and remained some time silent. At length she said: "Son of the sun! will you be more cruel and violent than the law? The law condemns me to death, and involves my family in my ruin. Is not this sufficient?" — Ataliba, with a sigh, ordered the depository of the laws to pronounce the sentence; when Alonzo struggled through the crowd; and, prostrating himself at the foot of the throne, "Inca," cried he, "it is I that am guilty; Cora is innocent. Punish only her ravisher." — At the appearance of Alonzo, and on hearing the language which despair had prompted him to utter, the king shuddered; the people stood motionless with astonishment; and Cora, trembling and cold, exclaimed as she fell, "Alas! could I not then save him?" — "No," replied Alonzo; "she deserves not blame. She was insensible when I bore her away; and her distracted soul could neither consent to, nor resist, her misfortune." — The inca was solicitous to save Alonzo. "Stranger," said he, "our religion is not yours: you are ignorant of our laws. Leave us. Our laws oblige only my subjects and myself. You were imprudent, but not criminal; at least if you used no violence: and Cora alone has a right to accuse you." — "No,

— “No, no,” said she; “a charm, no less delightful than irresistible, gave me up to his wishes. Cease, Alonzo, cease to arrogate my crime to yourself; you make me suffer a thousand deaths.” — “So far is she from accusing you,” said the king, “that you hear she declares you innocent.” — “Can I be innocent,” cried Alonzo, “after having dug a grave beneath her feet? a grave, in which you compel her to descend alive. . . . Oh! height of horror! . . . This dreadful grave yawns to my view, ready to receive her. And am I innocent? — I see the kindling pile, on which her father, mother, and all her kindred, are speedily to perish. And am I innocent? — If ye are led to death, I will precede you. I will ascend the pile, and devote myself the first to the flames. — I am young, impetuous, and too susceptible of passion. I saw Cora. Love inflamed my heart; but I respected her asylum. She hath told you that she yielded. And who would not have yielded like her? Is a law to extinguish in us the feelings of nature, sufficient to suppress its emotions? Do ye forget, that the god whom ye worship is, in your estimation, goodness itself. What! can the sun, who himself is the source of fertility, can he, who enables every thing to propagate its kind, make it criminal to love? This passion itself is an emanation from him by whom ye are enlivened. Ye have been told, that the sun hath made it a crime for his priestesses to become a mother: and that, to expiate the crime, the most horrid tortments are necessary. Ye have been told it; and your simplicity was credulous. Alas! and were not your fathers also told, that *their* gods, the snake, the
“vulture,

“ vulture, and the tiger, required of the mother to spill
“ on their altars the blood of the innocent suckling ;
“ and, like you, the mother, devoutly cruel, sacrificed
“ the babe. This worship ye have abolished ; and
“ yours, not less barbarous, is still more irrational.”

Then, like one inspired by a god, and as though the
god himself had spoken from his mouth ; “ O king ! ye
“ people !” cried he ; “ learn to distinguish by infallible
“ proofs between that truth, which comes from heaven,
“ and the errors of men. — Cast your eyes on nature :
“ observe the order and design that every where appear.
“ Whoever the God may be that presides over this
“ immutable order, which himself hath established, he
“ hath adapted to it his laws. And of what import to
“ this eternal order is the vow, that a young and feeble
“ mortal hath imprudently made, to wither like a fruit-
“ less plant in the languor of sterility ?”

During this address of Alonzo, a confused murmur
prevailed among the multitude, indicating a change in
their minds. The monarch availed himself of the mo-
ment to fix their conviction. “ He speaks,” said he,
“ the language of *reason*, and *reason is superior to law*.
“ Let us thank this stranger, who hath undeceived us,
“ enlightened us, and induced us to revoke an inhuman
“ law. This is too important a benefit not to efface an
“ unfortunate imprudence. Let the priestesses of the
“ sun have no other restraint, but a pure and voluntary
“ zeal ; and let those, who repent the temerity of their
“ vow, be instantly absolved from it. A just God can-
“ not desire to be served with reluctance, and his altars
“ were never raised to be surrounded by slaves.” —
Thus spoke the prince, animated by the double joy of
abolishing

abolishing a destructive abuse, and preserving the life of a friend. The aged father of Cora prostrated himself with his children at the knees of the monarch. All the people, with hands lifted towards heaven, broke forth in shouts of joy. Alonzo, in triumph, threw himself at the feet of his mistress. Alas! she had fainted in the arms of her mother. It was the cry of *nature*, that reached to heaven from the hearts of fathers, mothers, and a whole people in unison, that re-animated her senses. She returned from the slumber of death, and saw herself in the arms of Alonzo; who, in transports, said, as he embraced her, "Live, dear object of my heart! thou art mine: the fatal law is no more. "nature and love have prevailed. The sacred names "of father and mother are no longer criminal in us." — At these words, Cora, in the excess of surprise and of joy, sighed, pressed to her heart her lover and her deliverer, and, too weak to support so violent and sudden a reverse, fainted once more. Whilst Alonzo was employed in recovering her, the people pressed around to see and congratulate them. A father, a mother, distracted; their children still trembling; Cora, who, in the arms of Alonzo, with difficulty was recalled to life; the anxiety, the agitation, the tenderness, of her lover; the joy and rapture of the people around them; — all united to form so delightful a scene, that the king and whole assembly could not refrain from tears. — The crowd retiring, and the monarch with the incas having re-entered the palace, Cora and her lover were called, and the priest spoke to them to this effect: "Cora is "free. — A God, who wills nothing but *love*, can "never require constraint. And I have the satisfaction,

P

" before

"before I go down to my grave, to fee, from among
 "the number of his laws, a cruel one expunged, which
 "was not worthy of him."

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

*Extracts from Miss Plumptree's Death of Rolla. —
Also from Mr. Sheridan's Pizarro.*

AS I promise in the title to point out Mr. Sheridan's alterations and improvements, a perusal of the following scenes will enable the reader to appreciate his merits in this drama.

Extracts from Miss Plumptree's translation of "The
"Spaniards in Peru; or the Death of Rolla."*

ACT I. — Scene 4.

*Enter Las-Casas, Almagro, &c. to Elvira, Pizarro,
and Valverde.*

Las-Cas. You have summoned us hither.

Piz. Sit down, venerable old man; and you, my good friends. — The moment is arrived, in which we are to reap the fruits of our hazardous enterprize. The enemy, lulled in security, this day offer a sacrifice to their gods; at which moment, I am of opinion, we

* There have been several translations of this play published in London. I have made the following extracts from Miss Plumptree's, believing it to be, upon the whole, equal to any, and, in many places, superior to all.

should surprise them, put the armed to death, and make the unarmed slaves.

Alm. My voice is for death to every Peruvian, armed or unarmed.

Gonzalo. But we may spare the women and children.

Alm. Better extirpate the whole race.

Val. For the honour of our faith.*

Las-Caf. Do not blaspheme.

Alm. We have loitered a sufficient time upon this coast.

Las-Caf. And you would have recourse to murder for the sake of employment?

Alm. We are not as yet repaid for the heavy expenses of our armament.

Piz. We are reduced to want, and the troops begin to murmur.

Gon. While Alonzo, rioting in abundance, scoffs at us.

Piz. Traiterous boy!

Las-Caf. My heart whispers me, that Alonzo feels a painful conflict in his bosom, between humanity and love for his native country.

Alm. Your heart seeks to defend your pupil.

Las-Caf. Yes, he is indeed my pupil, and I am proud to call him so.

Alm. Enough! He shall learn to know us.

Piz. The enemy's force increases every day. We are strangers to the country, surrounded by want; and

* It must be remembered, that Valverde was originally designed by Kotzebue to represent Pizarro's popish chaplain. This accounts for his bigotry, intolerance, &c.

delay relaxes courage. The only resource against such numerous and formidable evils is a battle.

All, [excepting Las-Casas]. A battle! a battle!

Las-Cas. What a re-echoing of that dreadful word! And against whom is this attack to be directed? Against a mild king; who, but a few days ago, offered you his hand in peace. Against a people, whom you found inoffensively tilling their fields; and, with innocent hearts, worshipping their Creator according to their own form.

Val. Heathens, who adore the sun, and whom the sun must extirpate.

Las-Cas. Is the bloody measure of your barbarities not yet full? When will you be satiated with the sufferings of these pious children of innocence, who received you so hospitably? — Thou Power Almighty, whose thunder cleaves the rocks, and whose sun can even dissolve mountains of ice, lend thy force to my words, since it is thy glory I seek to uphold. — (*Addressing himself again to the assembly.*) Oh! cast a retrospective glance upon the millions of unhappy victims already sacrificed to your rapacity. — You were received by this people as gods: you came upon them as devils. — Willingly and cheerfully did they give you of their gold and fruits; while, in return, you violated their wives and daughters. — Human nature revolted against such outrages, and the oppressed began to utter complaints. Then did you send your blood-hounds to hunt them down; while those, who escaped from this infernal chase, were either yoked to the plough, to cultivate their own fields for your use, or buried in their gold-mines, to supply your insatiable avarice with the precious ore.

Piz.

Piz. You exaggerate.

Las-Caf. I exaggerate! Would to God that this was all! but more still remains. Deeds that might draw tears from the eyes of a tiger. Yet, O my sorrows! overpower me not; permit me to speak on. Wagers were laid among you, which could cleave a man asunder, or strike off a head, with the greatest dexterity. You tore children from their mothers' arms, and dashed them against rocks. You roasted the chiefs at a slow fire; and, if their dreadful cries disturbed the slumbers of the demons by which they were tormented, gags were thrust into their throats to silence them. Thirteen Indians were hung upon thirteen separate gibbets, — (O God! can it be mentioned without blasphemy?) — in honour of Christ and his apostles! — These horrors my own eyes have witnessed, and I still live! — Donna Elvira, you weep. Is your heart alone affected by this horrible picture?

Alm. *She and you* are the only women among us.

Piz. What you relate does not concern us. We are not responsible for the barbarities of a Columbus or an Ovando.

Las-Caf. Are you not about to renew them?

Val. Supposing we were; it remains yet undecided whether these Indians are men or apes.

Las-Caf. Woe unto them who wait for a bull from the holy father before they can decide such a question.

Val. The new world was given us by him, *to subdue it by aid of the divine favour.**

* The words of the papal bull. See Robertson's History of America. —
Note by the author.

Piz.

Piz. Enough of this war of words. Time passes, and opportunity flies. Are you resolved to fight?

All. It is our earnest desire.

Las-Caf. Oh! send me first among these Peruvians, as a messenger of peace. Let me endeavour, by gentle means, to instil our holy religion into their hearts.

Val. First let our heroes fight, and prepare the way for your doctrines.

Las-Caf. With blood?

Alm. Which you may wash away with pious tears.— Hasten, my friends! let us delay no longer.

Las-Caf. O God! thou hast anointed me thy servant, not to curse, but to bless; yet here my blessing were blasphemy. Be ye cursed, then, ye fratricides! Cursed be your barbarous projects: and may the innocent blood, shed this day, be upon you and your children. — For me, I renounce your society for ever. I can no longer endure to be a witness of your savage phrensy. I will bury myself in some cave or forest, and hold intercourse only with those less pernicious monsters — tigers and leopards. And when, at last, I shall stand in judgement, together with you, before Him, whose mild doctrines you have this day forsworn; then, tremble at the charges I must be compelled to bring against you. — [*Going.*]

Elv. [*with involuntary emotion*]. Las-Cafas! take me with you.

Las-Caf. No; remain here: and, if it be possible, save these men from the judgements which their inhumanity must call down upon them. I can go no farther; my efforts are exhausted: but the charms of a woman may prove more powerful than the eloquence of an old man.

man. Perhaps you may be elected as the guardian-angel of these unfortunate Peruvians. *[Exit.]*

Piz. What would you do, Elvira?

Elv. I scarcely know myself. Las-Casas appeared to me at this moment something more than human; and you, with all the rest, so far below humanity.

Aln. The old man raves.

Val. And plans visionary worlds, like Plato.

Piz. He has no longer any power of enjoyment himself, and therefore assumes the character of a preacher of repentance.

Elv. Say what you please; but my heart revolts against your proceedings.

Gon. Compassion is becoming to a beautiful woman.

Elv. As humanity to a conqueror.

The scenes in the two plays, where Orozembo is examined, are so nearly alike, (excepting his giving some account of Rolla, which in the original is given by Diego,) that I conceive it would be superfluous to quote both.

ACT II. — Scene 3.

The Peruvian camp near a village. On the middle of the stage is an altar. In the back-ground a hill, on which stands a palm-tree.

Cora, Alonzo, and Rolla. — To whom enter Ataliba, with a long train of priests, courtiers, soldiers, and women.

Ata. Welcome, Alonzo! — Your hand, brave Rolla. — *[To Cora.]* The gods bless thee, happy mother!

Cora.

Cora. May the gods bless the father of his people!

Ata. To see his children happy is the choicest blessing to a father. — My friends, how stand the spirits of our brave troops?

Alon. They shout in transports “*Our king is among us!*”

Rolla. He shares our toils and dangers.

Alon. God and the king!

Rolla. Victory or death!

Ata. I know my people; know that, were this shield pierced through, *every subject would offer his heart as a shield.*

Alon. When I hope the inca would choose mine.

Rolla. And not neglect Rolla's.

Cora [*holding up her child*]. Behold here a champion growing up for your son!

Ata. Your love is my choicest treasure; and in that I feel myself rich. — But, say, do the enemy still remain quiet?

Rolla. They do. — Yet their repose seems like the silence of the gathering thunder-cloud.

Ata. Be tranquil courage our shelter from the storm.

Rolla. They fight for despicable gold; *we* for our native country.

Alon. An adventurer leads them on to battle; we are led by a sovereign whom we love.

Ata. And a God whom we adore. — Come, my friends, to Him let our sacrifice be offered.

[*The priests range themselves round the altar.
The king and the rest of the assembly on
each side of it.*]

Q

Then

Then follow the chorusses of priests and people; which Miss Plumptree says are versified by a friend. Mr. Dutton, in his translation, has given these chorusses considerably longer, and in a more polished poetical language. Mr. Sheridan has not published his chorusses with the play, nor the dirge which is sung over Rolla's bier at the finish of the piece.

ACT IV. — Scene 1.

A tent in the Spanish camp. — The time is past midnight.

Alonzo alone.

Rolla

Despise death! — Such was the maxim among the Greeks and Romans: heathens endowed with exalted wisdom. — Shame then on thee, Christian, that thou canst tremble before him; since, what they could only dare to conjecture, to thee is certainty, — that there is a better world. — Yet thou dost tremble! — Is it that the ardent sensibilities of youth revolt more keenly against an untimely death than the blunted feelings of age? What is an untimely death? Shall Alonzo calculate his life only by the years he has numbered? Does he not possess Cora? — Cora! ah! this is the very bond that chains me irresistibly to life. — Wife and child! . . . One holds me back by the tears of love, the other by the smile of innocence. — O Cassius! thou wert not a husband! Seneca, thou wert not a father! — The voice of nature cries *live!* and my heart loudly echoes back the sound. Can this wish be a reproach to the man and the hero?

hero? — Yet, Sovereign Disposer of my fate, though it be so, I must wish to live.

The scene which follows, between Alonzo and Elvira is that which has so particularly subjected Kotzebue to much foul abuse. Mr. Sheridan has judiciously omitted this scene, and thereby curtailed the piece, and made Elvira a more worthy character.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. SHERIDAN'S PIZARRO.

In the first act, Mr. Sheridan has considerably condensed the dialogue between Elvira, Valverde, and Pizarro, and left out the unnecessary character of Diego.

To them enter Las-Casas, Almagro, &c.

Las-Cas. Pizarro, we attend your summons.

Piz. Welcome, venerable father. My friends, most welcome. — Friends and fellow-soldiers, at length the hour is arrived, when to Pizarro's hopes presents the full reward of our undaunted enterprise and long-endured toils. Confident in security, this day the foe devotes to solemn sacrifice. If with bold surprise we strike on their solemnity, trust to your leader's word, we shall not fail.

Alm. Too long inactive have we been mouldering on the coast, our stores exhausted and our soldiers murmuring. — Battle! Battle! Then, death to the armed, and chains for the defenceless.

Davella. Death to the whole Peruvian race.

Las-Caf. Merciful heaven!

Alm. Yes, general, the attack, and instantly. Then shall Alonzo, basking at his ease, soon cease to scoff our suffering and scorn our force.

Las-Caf. Alonzo! Scorn and presumption are not in his nature.

Alm. It is fit Las-Cafas should defend his pupil.

Piz. Speak not of the traitor, or hear his name, but as the bloody summons to assault and vengeance. — It appears we are agreed?

Alm. and *Dav.* We are.

Gon. All! — Battle! Battle!

Las-Caf. Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? — Battle! — Gracious heaven! against whom? — Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries even yet have not excited hate: but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed. A people, who, children of innocence! received you as cherished guests, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them with fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak. As *gods* were you received; as fiends have you acted.

Piz. Las-Cafas!

Las-Caf. Pizarro, hear me! hear me, chieftains! — And Thou, all-powerful! whose thunders can shiver into sand the adamantine rock, whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the rived and quaking earth! Oh!

let

let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy Spirit gives courage to his will. — Do not, I implore you, chieftains, countrymen! do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities, which your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched unoffending race. — But, hush my sighs! — Fall not, drops of useless sorrow! — Heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance! — All I entreat is, send me once more to those you *call* your enemies. Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence from you, I shall return with blessings and peace from them. — Elvira, you weep! — Alas! and does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?

All. Because there are no women here but she and thou.

Piz. Close this idle war of words. Time flies, and our opportunity will be lost. Chieftains, are ye for instant battle?

All. We are.

Las-Caf. O men of blood! — [*Kneels.*] God! thou hast anointed me thy servant, not to curse, but to bless, my countrymen; yet now, my blessing on their force were blasphemy against thy goodness. — [*Rises.*] — No! I curse your purpose, homicides. I curse the bond of blood by which you are united. May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects and rebuke your hopes. On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day. I leave you, and for ever. No longer shall these aged eyes be scared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves, in forests, will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts will I commune; and, when again we meet at the blessed tribunal of that Deity, whose mild doctrines
and

and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which tear the bosom of your accuser now. — [*Going.*]

Elv. Las-Casas! Oh! take me with thee, Las-Casas.

— *Las-Cas.* Stay, lost abused lady! I alone am useless here. Perhaps thy loveliness may persuade to pity, where reason and religion plead in vain. Oh! save thy innocent fellow-creatures if thou canst: then shall thy frailty be redeemed, and thou wilt share the mercy thou bestowest. [*Exit.*]

Piz. How, Elvira! wouldst thou leave me?

Elv. I am bewildered, grown terrified! Your inhumanity, and that good Las-Casas! — Oh! he appeared to me just now something more than heavenly; and you! ye all looked worse than earthly.

Piz. *Compassion sometimes becomes a beauty.*

Elv. *Humanity ALWAYS becomes a conqueror.*

Enter Gomez.

Alm. How, Gomez! What bringest thou?

Gom. On yonder hill, among the palm-trees, we have surpris'd an old cacique. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendant unresisting; yet his lips breathe nought but bitterness and scorn.

Piz. Drag him before us.

[*Gomez leaves the tent, and returns, conducting in Orozembo and attendant in chains, guarded.*]

What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

Piz. Ha!

Alm. Madman! Tear out his tongue, or else —

Oro.

Oro. Thou wilt hear some truth.

Dav. [*Shewing his dagger.*] Shall I not plunge this into his heart?

Oro. [*to Piz.*] Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian! But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of; — that I shall die.

Piz. Less audacity, perhaps, might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree, it is not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong hold among the rocks: guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish, —

Oro. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Thee and thy offer. — Wealth! I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons. I have, stored in heaven, the riches that repay good actions here. And still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

Piz. What is that? Inform me.

Oro. I will; for, it never can be thine: — *the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.*

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dare speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dare *act* as thou dost!

Gon.

Gon. [*aside.*] Obdurate pagan! — How numerous is your army?

Oro. Count the leaves of yonder forest.

Alm. Which is the weakest part of your camp?

Oro. It has no weak part. On every side it is fortified by justice.

Piz. Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo?

Oro. Know him! Alonzo! Know him! Our nation's benefactor! The guardian-angel of Peru!

Piz. By what has he merited that title?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Alm. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command?

Oro. I will answer that; for, I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. — Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army. In war, a tiger chafed by the hunter's spear; in peace, as gentle as the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him; but, finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and I fear his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness. Yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

Piz. Romantic savage! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not. The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Dav. Silence, or tremble!

Oro. Beardless robber! I have never yet trembled before God; why should I tremble before man? Why before thee, thou less than man?

Dav. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike.

Oro.

Oro. Strike, Christian! then boast among thy fellows,
I too have murdered a Peruvian.

Dav. Hell and vengeance seize thee! — [*Stabs him.*]

Piz. Hold!

Dav. Couldst thou longer have endured his insults?

Piz. And therefore should he die untortured?

Oro. True. — Observe, young man! your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of an useful lesson. You might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments, and with what fortitude virtue would have borne them.

Elv. [*Supporting Orozembo's head upon her bosom.*] Oh! ye are monsters all. Look up, thou martyred innocent! look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. — God! how I pity thee!

Oro. Pity me! Me! So near my happiness! — Bless thee, lady! — Spaniards, heaven turn your hearts, and pardon you as I do. — [*Orozembo is borne off dying.*]

ACT II. — Scene 2.

The temple of the sun. It represents the magnificence of Peruvian idolatry. In the centre is the altar.

A solemn march. — The warriors and king enter on one side of the temple; Rolla, Alonzo, and Cora, on the other.

Ata. Welcome, Alonzo. — [*To Rolla.*] Kinsman, thy hand. — [*To Cora.*] Blessed be the object of the happy mother's love.

R

Cora.

Cora. May the sun bless the father of his people.

Ata. In the *welfare of his children lives the happiness of their king.* — Friends, what is the temper of our foldiers?

Rolla. Such as becomes the cause which they support. Their cry is Victory or death! *Our king, our country, and our God!*

Ata. Thou, Rolla, in the hour of peril, hast been wont to animate the spirit of their leaders, ere we proceed to consecrate the banners, which thy valour knows so well to guard.

Rolla. Yet never was the hour of peril near, when, to inspire them, words were so little needed. — My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! can Rolla's voice add vigour to the virtuous energies, which inspire your hearts? — No. — *You* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea, by which these bold invaders would delude you. — Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours.* — *They,* by a strange phrensy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: *we,* for our country, our altars, and our homes. — *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: *we* serve a *monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore.* — Wherever they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress: wherever they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. — They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. — Yes! *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. — They offer

us

us their protection: — Yes; such protection as vultures give to lambs, — covering and devouring them. — They call upon us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. — Be our plain answer this: the throne we honour is the *people's choice*; the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. — Tell your invaders this: and tell them, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

ACT IV. — Scene 1.

A dungeon in the rock near the Spanish camp. — Alonzo in chains. — A sentinel walking near the entrance.

Alon. For the last time, I have beheld the shadowed ocean close upon the light. — For the last time, through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quivering lustre of the stars. — For the last time, O sun! (and soon the hour,) I shall behold thy rising and thy level beams melting the *pale mists of morn to glittering dew-drops*. — Then comes my death; and, in the morning of my day, I fall; which — No, Alonzo; date not the life which thou hast run by the mean reckoning of the hours and days which thou hast breathed. A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line; by *deeds*, not years. — Then wouldst thou murmur not; but bless the Providence, which, in so short a span, made *thee*

the instrument of wide and spreading blessings to the helpless and oppressed, — Though sinking in decrepid age, *HE prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.*

Independent of the various critical censures passed upon Mr. Sheridan, for altering the catastrophe of this play, I must say, that his additions give a finishing touch to the piece, which was wanted in Kotzebue. — Pizarro in the original is left unpunished, unreclaimed, contrary to the general practice of dramatic exhibitions. Elvira's fate is unknown. But Mr. Sheridan, however it may offend the *prudish critic*, has produced a contrition in this magnanimous female, which cannot fail of pleasing the *candid Christian*.

I shall finish the quotations from this play with Elvira's concluding speech, as *written* by Mr. Sherridan in the additional scene; which, I believe, is seldom heard at the theatre, from the general movement and noise, which always take place near the close of every play. — Alonzo solicits Elvira to stay with them in Peru; to which she replies:

“ Alonzo, no! The destination of my future life is
 “ fixed. Humbled in penitence, I will endeavour to
 “ atone the guilty errors, which, however masked by
 “ shallow cheerfulness, have long consumed my secret
 “ heart. When, by my sufferings, purified, and peni-
 “ tence sincere, my soul shall dare address the throne of
 “ mercy in behalf of others; for thee, Alonzo; for
 “ thy

“ thy Cora, and thy child ; for thee, thou virtuous monarch, and the innocent race you reign over ; shall
“ Elvira’s prayers address the God of nature. — Valverde, you have preserved my life ; cherish humanity ;
“ avoid the foul examples thou hast viewed. — Spaniards, returning to your native home, assure your
“ rulers, they mistake the road to glory or to power. —
“ Tell them, that the *pursuits of avarice, conquest, and*
“ *ambition, never yet made a people happy or a nation*
“ *great.*” — [*Cast a look of agony on the dead body of Pizarro as she passes, and exit.*]

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

Criticisms on Pizarro; from the Antijacobin, with a castigation for the critic;—from the Historical Magazine;—from Mr. Dutton. — Remarks on the new pieces at the Royal Circus and Royal Amphitheatre.—General concluding remarks.

Extracts from various criticisms on this play, with a few remarks en passant.

THE notoriety of the play of Pizarro, and the deserved celebrity Kotzebüe has acquired by his dramatic productions, have lately caused an inundation of criticism. Swarms of critical insects have burst forth from every quarter; among whom, some few resemble the industrious *bee*, but the majority assume the characteristics of the *wasp*. What demands my immediate attention is the doleful and dreadful *hum* of a venomous *hornet*. This pestiferous insect was lately seen settled upon a leaf of "*The Antijacobin Review*." I allude to a letter, which appeared in this periodical work June, 1799, pretending to be "*Remarks on Kotzebüe's Pizarro*."

I shall first quote a few of the *remarks* of this *candid*, *liberal*, and *impartial*, reviewer; premising that, as the letter is written in unequivocal *spleen*, *ill-nature*, and
affected

affected ridicule, I hope to stand excused by my readers if I display a little ridicule in reply.

“ With what intention this author (Kotzebüe) has been thrust down the throat of public taste, it is not any difficulty to conceive, when we consider, that the literature of Germany is chiefly swayed at this day by the *illuminati*; of which sect there are not wanting industrious disciples in this country. It is not for us to class Miss Plumptree amongst them, nor even Mr. Sheridan: but, if I were, who could *disprove* the *assertion*.”

No person; most learned, modest, and *sagacious*, judge. — I should deem it a very difficult thing to *disprove* what had never been proved or attempted to be proved. But, even supposing *you* had assigned them to that class, the unprejudiced reader would look for more substantial reason than was even couched in *mere assertion* or the sophisticated insinuations of *illiberality*.

Again, the remarker:

“ One most striking feature distinguishes *all* Kotzebüe’s dramas; the *great* are *vicious*, the *low* are *virtuous*. I defy any person to point out any thing of his, now performing, which is not on this unvariable principle. In Pizarro, we have a chief; or general, painted in the most infamous characters; being only *meant as a malevolent portrait of men in high stations*, although it is disguised with the cloak of history.”

There is no cloak used upon the present occasion. — Persons, who have read the history of America, and particularly the conquest of Peru, will immediately perceive, that Kotzebüe has, in general, faithfully portrayed
the

the historical characters; therefore, if this reflects any opprobrium on "*men in high station*," surely our author is devoid of blame in this instance. According to this doctrine, if *great* men are guilty of any follies, vices, or cruelties, *they* must not be held up to public contempt, for fear such exhibitions, instead of answering the intended effect, — an example to caution others, — may disseminate ideas prejudicial to men in high stations, and make people believe, that ALL *great men* are not all *good men*. — Will any other person, but the author of this letter, be audacious enough to assert, that Kotzebue *invariably* makes all his great men *vicious* and low men *virtuous*? — I need only mention the characters of Ataliba, (a king,) Orozembo, Rolla, Alonzo, and Las-Casas, in the new play, to prove the *glaring falsity* of this assertion. One of whom, (Rolla,) a man the most amiable and praise-worthy, I believe to be the legitimate child of Kotzebue's muse.

Ridiculous, false, and absurd, arguments need only an exposition to be confuted. This I conceive to be so truly applicable to the cause of my present animadversion, that I shall merely quote a *few* more passages.

"Elvira is one of the most reprehensible characters
"that was *ever* suffered to disgrace the stage."

Be so kind as to inquire of George Barnwell, you will find a Millwood; inquire of The Minor, you will find Mrs. Cole; inquire — but it is folly to direct a man, who is *resolved* not to listen to *advice*.

"I maintain that Elvira is nothing more than a *God-winite heroine*, *start-staring Mary* all over; for, she
"loves not Pizarro from principle."

What

What induced her then to renounce him, to despise him, when he persisted in cruelty, in barbarity, and bloodshed?

"Indeed, it has no other appearance, than that the author has thrown together a *jumble of characters*, in the form of a dramatic piece, in order the more successfully to force his fapping principles on the undiscerning multitude."

Can we read such assertions with common patience? Can we see such illiberal insinuations, and not feel the most sincere indignation at its scurrilous author?

"Nor can we wonder, that Sheridan should exert his abilities, when the *main tendency* is to promote the views of his party, by the gradual dissolution of the most sacred ties of society."

Does this appear like judicious criticism or palpable falsehood? — See the learned Dr. Bisset's criticism; who, though the most zealous friend and partisan of aristocracy, has bestowed on it the highest encomiums. Let the impartial peruser of Miss Plumptree's translation decide on the justness of these remarks. — It is a pity but that critics would read works before they pretend to criticise on them.

Now for the climax of this remarker's *scurrility*. — Upon *deliberate* reflection, I absolutely cannot characterize it by a juster epithet.

"There is not a soliloquy in the whole piece worth reading;* but, indeed, I do not believe that Kotzebue

S

" is

* Take, for instance, the following soliloquy of Ataliba, in the fourth act; which I am rather surpris'd Mr. Sheridan has not incorporated in his

"is capable of writing one. There is nothing but dullness and error, artifice and confusion." — (A just account of his own letter.) — "My blood boils with indignation," (I presume it boiled over, with a large portion of gall; and that he dipped his pen in it to write the present remarks,) "when I see my beloved Shakespeare, Otway, Rowe, and all those ornaments of my native country, thrust aside to make way for the filthy effusion of this German dunce."

— "Grant me patience, just heaven! — Of all the cants, which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism (such as this) is the most tormenting." — *Sterne.*

his play. The direful and hellish ravages of war cannot be too often and too pointedly deprecated.

"An open place near the Peruvian camp.

"Ataliba repofing under a tree.

"How silent and desolate seems every thing around me! — Are not our feelings much the same after a victory as after a fever? While we would fain rejoice over the danger past, there is scarcely strength remaining to utter our joy; our smiles are drowned by tears; and the acclamations we hear are only echoed by a sigh. — What a dearly-earned prize is victory! — The records of history, while they tell us of the numbers that fall in battle, are silent as to those whom every conflict renders miserable. — The barbed arrow appears to strike only one heart; but, in that one, it often pierces a hundred. — Oh! how gladly would I exchange all my victories for a single harvest-home!"

Can there be a stronger proof of the jaundiced understanding of this "filthy critic" than the above? But, probably, the fumes of spleen and ill-nature had so bedimmed his eye-sight, that the gent —, that he passed it over unnoticed.

The

The following extracts are from the *HISTORICAL MAGAZINE* for June 1799, written by the *elegant and learned Dr. Bisset*; who there intimates an intention of publishing a copious review of this play, which will prove a great desideratum to theatrical connoisseurs.

"Many thousands," says the Doctor, "hath it already delighted: repeated and repeated, it enchants the more. The more closely it is contemplated, the more fully it is discovered, that, to the fascination of passion, it adds the *instruction of wisdom, inculcating virtue and religion*. We have carried with us to the theatre the translations, both jointly and severally, and found, that the passages, which delighted, affected, and instructed, us the most, were not in either of the translations. The body may be Kotzebue's, but the soul is Sheridan's."

This remark deserves our warmest admiration; to see a *profess partisan* and learned critic forego his *party-principles*, and judge of a work upon its *own independent merits*, is rather a novelty in literature. I am sorry it is so seldom the case.

"The fable is, in some degree, founded on real history; but, what is of much more *importance*, it is natural and probable. It may at first sight appear, that Pizarro and Elvira make one action; Cora, Rolla, and Alonzo, another. If, however, the parts and whole are distinctly and comprehensively viewed, it will be found, that they tend, through different means and agencies, to one great object. Mr. Sheridan's Pizarro, as a fable, has unity of action; though, in the language of rhetoricians, an implex, instead of a simple, story. The action is not only entire, but

" important and interesting ; it tends to *improve our vir-*
 " *tuous* sensibility. It exhibits man in the most trying
 " and affecting situations ; called forward as a patriot, a
 " parent, a husband and wife, a subject, a soldier in the
 " noblest cause ; in all the most endearing relations that
 " can attach man to man. It is founded in general na-
 " ture, not on temporary or local manners or circum-
 " stances. It must not only *now*, but *always*, interest ;
 " because, there always will be kings and subjects, hus-
 " bands and wives, parents and children, assailants and
 " defenders, creatures and a Creator. In the characters
 " of Mr. Sheridan's Pizarro there is supreme excel-
 " lence ; in the translations, they are tame ; and, as we
 " make it a rule to speak, without fear or favour, what
 " we think, we must plainly pronounce them *lifeless*
 " *blocks*, until touched by the Promethean torch of
 " Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Our readers will antici-
 " pate us in saying we mean Rolla and Elvira.

" Mr. Sheridan's Rolla we think a most masterly
 " delineation of the best and highest moral qualities,
 " tried in circumstances that required their *full* exer-
 " tion ; a combination of greatness and goodness of
 " heroism, the kindest affections, and the most exquisite
 " sensibility, ministering to happiness. Excellent as the
 " character of Rolla is, it does not transcend credibility.
 " Feeling as he did, his attempt to snatch the child
 " was perfectly natural ; but, we must say, we think
 " the escape through all the Spanish guards rather
 " beyond the bounds of probability ; although, if ad-
 " mitted to be credible, one of the most interesting
 " scenes in the piece.

" A

" A character of more difficulty than Rolla, because
 " more complicated, and containing more of that mixture
 " of good and bad, that is daily to be found in real life,
 " is Elvira. Here indeed we think, that the poet's
 " genius appears to the highest advantage. This cha-
 " racter shews a most thorough insight into the female
 " mind. What made Elvira love Pizarro? That
 " which has always inspired similar sentiments, — an
 " opinion of his heroism."

" The delineation of Elvira by Mr. Sheridan," con-
 " tinues Dr. B. " is a finished picture of a finely-fancied
 " and nicely-discriminated character."

How very different is this opinion to that by — the
 Antijacobin critic! Dr. Bisset has said so *much*, and that
 so *well*, upon this play, that I conceive it would be in-
 juring his criticism by curtailment. I shall therefore beg
 to refer every reader, who wishes to be fully and criti-
 cally acquainted with this author's sentiments, to the
 work itself. I quote these few remarks to shew the fal-
 lacy and absurdity of the preceding criticism.

" The character of Pizarro," says the Doctor, " is
 " not only probable but historically true. Avaricious,
 " ambitious, proud, cruel, relentless, and ferocious, he
 " forms an admirable contrast to the mild benevolent
 " heroism of Rolla."

" This performance is in *every respect conducive to*
 " *virtue in its principles, feelings, and actions.*"

After a copious examination of this play, in fifteen
close-printed octavo pages, the Doctor thus concludes:

" Often has the play been repeated, and universally
 " will it be read. No man of *taste, understanding,*
 " *and just moral sentiments*, will, without delight and
 " instruction,

"instruction, behold or peruse the *Pizarro* of Mr. Sheridan."

The principal remarks of *Mr. Dutton* (who has published a translation of *Pizarro*) are as follow :

Speaking of *Alonzo's* escape, he says, "That a prisoner, loaded with fetters, should be able to elude the vigilance of the centinels at the different posts, and to escape unnoticed through an enemy's camp, is, at the best, but a very improbable story ; and the manner in which this escape is managed at *Drury-Lane* seems to be a very happy burlesque upon such a fiction. *Alonzo* no sooner receives *Rolla's* caution to be particularly careful not to excite alarm, than he stalks off, ringing his chains like a bell-wether, a town-crier, a dustman, or a muffin-seller. As a number of strange incidents have been introduced in this drama, without any specific purpose, why not add one more to the lump, and bring in *Rolla* with a file and a handsaw."

"The death of the *Peruvian hero* very satisfactorily winds up the catastrophe, and fully develops the plot of this interesting tragedy. At this place, therefore, the *German dramatist* judiciously directs the curtain to fall ; and taste, propriety, and common sense, give their ready suffrage to the mandate. But the monarchs of *Drury-Lane* appear to have abrogated the institutes of legitimate drama, and to have passed a new code of law, enacting, that, to render a tragedy truly tragic, it is indispensably necessary to murder,

"der,

“*der*, not only the principal *dramatis personæ*, but the
 “*tragedy* itself.’ In conformity with these revolutionary
 “principles, the curtain at Drury-lane remains drawn
 “up, during two or three additional scenes, to witness
 “the execution of this barbarous murder.”

“Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;

“But this *most* foul, strange, and unnatural.”

“The awful ceremony commences with the entrance
 “of a messenger, the moment Rolla renders up the
 “ghost, announcing that ‘treachery has completed its
 “master-piece, and revealed the Peruvian asylum in
 “the rocks.’ This intelligence of course ushers in the
 “march of an army of a score of men, and half
 “a score of general officers, to rescue the virgins of
 “the sun, and several other women, from the profane
 “gripe of the cruel Spaniards. A mock battle is next
 “exhibited ; in which the Peruvians, with a few crab-
 “sticks and poker-ends, put the Spaniards, with their
 “*silly fire-arms*, totally to the rout. We have now a
 “kind of *running fight*, or *bo-peep in earnest* ; the Peru-
 “vians hacking away at the Spaniards among the cliffs
 “of the rocks, with nearly the same tactics and
 “manœuvres as are practised by a *chamber-maid*
 “*pricking for bugs in the joints and chinks of a press-*
 “*bedstead*. Victory, as might be expected, declaring
 “in favour of the Peruvians, Pizarro makes his ap-
 “pearance with double the number of the Peruvian
 “army, and avows his firm resolution not to sur-
 “vive the extermination of his troops. To prevent,
 “however, the farther effusion of human blood, it is
 “at length settled, that *Pizarro* and *Alonzo* shall decide
 “the already-decided dispute by single combat.

“The

" The chiefs immediately fall to ; (*Alonzo* still equip-
 " ped in the same *gala-dress* ;) and, after a desperate
 " encounter of some seconds, *Alonzo's* sword is knocked
 " out of his hand, and the chief himself struck with
 " the violence of the blow to the ground. At this cri-
 " tical moment, *Elvira*, who appears to have kept a
 " good look out, (though the audience supposed her
 " put to death, or at least safe under lock and key in
 " the *magnificent dungeon*, where they beheld *Alonzo* in
 " the 4th act,) steps in as the interposing deity, ac-
 " companied by the *devout Valverde*; for, this gentle-
 " man, it seems, has undergone a complete reform as
 " well as the lady herself, who we find has come to the
 " pious resolution of turning *nun*, in consequence of
 " the double disappointment she had experienced the
 " preceding day, in her attempts to make a conquest
 " first of *Alonzo* and afterwards of *Rolla*. *Elvira*,
 " being provided with a *sword*, (perhaps it may belong
 " to *Valverde*, and the lady may be only *armour-bearer*
 " to the run-away secretary,) gives the useful weapon
 " to *Alonzo*; who, in another round or two, (to render
 " the tragedy more sublimely and profoundly *tragic*,)
 " murders *Pizarro* and history with *one* blow. The last
 " concluding scene of this eventful tragedy exhibits a
 " *tragico-comico-fancico* representation of the funeral
 " obsequies of *Rolla*. The Peruvian hero is placed
 " upon a bier in the centre of the stage, surrounded
 " with mourners of both sexes, and the *virgins* of the
 " sun, who chant his *requiem*. Among other insignia,
 " which heighten the magnificence of this scene, the
 " eye is regaled with the view of two suns, hoisted
 " upon tent-poles, and flaming like gilt gingerbread
 " watches

“ watches at Bartholomew-fair : which, we under-
 “ stand, have a *double* allegorical meaning, being not
 “ merely intended as emblems of the Peruvian worship,
 “ but likewise to shew that the awful ceremony takes
 “ place by *day-light* ; and thereby to impress upon the
 “ minds of the audience, that it bears no affinity to an
 “ *Irish wake* or *howl*. It was, it seems, originally in-
 “ tended to close this solemnity with a dance, or Peru-
 “ vian *hop*, round the bier ; but this part of the cere-
 “ mony, as being *too atrocious a murder* of the dignity
 “ of the tragic muse to be publicly exhibited, was re-
 “ served for private rehearsal behind the scenes.

“ In our general *criticism* of *Pizarro*, we are willing
 “ to view it in the light in which *candour* certainly
 “ *directs* that it *should* be viewed.

“ Attempered as it is at the present moment, the
 “ public pulse ; — Mr. Sheridan, from *prudential* mo-
 “ tives, might find himself under the necessity of hu-
 “ mouring the public infatuation for whatever bears the
 “ name of *Kotzebue*. All, therefore, that could rea-
 “ sonably be expected from him was, that he should
 “ enrich the OVER-RATED powers of *Kotzebue* with
 “ as great a portion of his *own UNRIVALLED excellence*
 “ *and talents* as the nature of the case would admit.
 “ This he has most successfully done. He has convert-
 “ ed a *homely cottage* into a *magnificent temple* ; but it was
 “ not in his power to enlarge the scite of the ground on
 “ which it stood. Had he trusted entirely to his *own*
 “ genius ; had the funds of the establishment, and other
 “ private considerations, permitted him to consult no
 “ other opinion than his own ; we are firmly convinced

T

“ he

“ he would have produced a drama, of worth infinitely
“ superior.”

— “ Genuine morality and genuine taste will alike
“ own their obligations to *Mr. Sheridan* and *Mr. Harris*,
“ for their useful attempts to enrich the English drama
“ with the meritorious productions of our continental
“ neighbours.”

Mr. Dutton has unquestionably a very happy talent at ridicule. The above specimen shews him to be a perfect master of this art. I have quoted his observations without remark or annotation, and leave my readers to form their own unbiassed conclusions.

Unqualified praise and insidious censure are alike repugnant to my feelings. Impartial discrimination is what I ever will adopt to the best of my judgement; and, rather than be ill-naturedly severe upon trifling inaccuracies and follies in authors, managers, and players, I would, by making allowances for situations and circumstances, pass them over in silence.

*Brief remarks on the new pieces at the Royal Circus
and Royal Amphitheatre.*

The preceding account of Alonzo and Cora, as extracted from Marmontel, comprises the most particular incidents which are brought forward at the Royal Circus; and it is no more than truth to say, that the scenery, dresses, chorusses, and music, are a flattering panegyric on the liberality and taste of the managers of this elegant summer-theatre. Mr. Cross has finely verified the language of Marmontel, which is delivered in recitative

tative and finging very fimilar to the Italian operas. The overture and mufic, by Mr. Sanderfon, fhew him to be a man of tafte and fcience; its variety and judicious application to the different incidents of the piece command and preferve the attention of the audience. The uncommonly-crowded houfes every night, during the performance of this piece, plainly evince the univerfal eftimation of the town. The fcenery is unquestionably the moft beautiful and picturefque ever difplayed at a theatre, and does honour to the pencil of Mr. Greenwood.

Mr. Aftley, jun. ever on the wing in fearch of novelty to attract and pleafe his audience, has likewise got up a grand ballad upon the prefent fubject, entitled "*Rolla and Cora*;" the characters and plot of which are materially different from the piece at the Circus, Mr. Aftley having taken his from the play of the Virgin of the Sun. Mr. Crofs has more clofely adhered to Marmontel, occasionally interweaving ftriking incidents from Kotzebue. Some of the fcenes at this amphitheatre are novel and very beautiful. The ftory is confiderably condensed, the character of Alonzo is omitted, and Rolla introduced as the lover and accepted hufband of Cora. By this means, Mr. Aftley has confiderably abridged and fimplified the piece; and, by the aid of perfpicuous fcrolls and fome recitative, the incidents and catastrophe are eafily comprehended by the audience. To excite and preferve an intereft for the principal characters in a drama is the ultimatum of public performance: and, in a play, as in a picture, when a variety of characters is introduced with undetermined lights and injudicious grouping, the attention is diftracted, and the mind is

divided upon *different* objects, which ought principally to be directed to a *focal point*. Mr. Astley has, by a quick succession of scenes, and keeping the spectators' attention to the principal characters, preserved this interest: besides, the making Rolla the favoured lover of Cora is both natural and just. The war-dance, in which the performers go through various evolutions of attack and retreat with much dexterity, is happily introduced. The words of the scroll, which announce the abrogation of a cruel and impolitic law, cannot be too much applauded. And that it may actuate every legislature is most "devoutly to be wished," — "*May the law of HUMANITY abolish the law of CUSTOM.*" Miss Smith performs the part of Cora with much appropriate modesty and characteristic simplicity.

General concluding remarks on the play of Pizarro, &c.

The *Death of Rolla*, by Kotzebue, and the universal applause with which it was received on the German stage, induced our English Terence to emulate his foreign cotemporary in a similar exhibition. He has closely adhered to the outlines; and has, in most instances, preserved the sentiments of the original piece; but the language is entirely re-written; and Mr. Sheridan has, after various exertions in the line of comedy, opera, and farce, produced a piece, which has excited the greatest *variety of praise and censure* from the critical fraternity of any production ever brought out upon the English stage. Learning, genius, and envy, have alternately exercised their various powers upon this popular drama.

drama. Unqualified praise and illiberal censure have been promulgated upon the present occasion; and, what is rather a *singularity*, I have seen *party-zeal* forget itself, and run with the crowd of admirers. It is to be lamented, that critics should ever *display any party-spirit in the examination of a literary production* unconnected with politics. But, such is the *infernal influence of party-zeal*, that it precludes the possessor for exercising his reasoning faculties, and making him *applaud or censure* without discrimination.

The plot derives its principal interest from the contrasted characters of *Pizarro and Rolla*. The heart of the one is callous to every dignified and noble sentiment, while the other sacrifices his happiness and his life to the impulse of the noblest feelings. The morality of the play is of the purest kind; and the stage is in *this instance*, as it *ever ought to be*, made subservient to the purposes of truth and honour. It exposes to just indignation and abhorrence the savage cruelty of Europeans, inflamed with the lust of gold and the fury of conquest, and excites the pity and interest of humanity in favour of a peaceable and virtuous people. In the second act, some very *happy allusions*, to the contest in which we are at present engaged with the *inveterate enemies of social order and happiness*, have always received such bursts of applause as fully evince the honest indignation of Englishmen at such arbitrary usurpation. There certainly is a close coincidence of circumstances to justify the applicability of the speech to the events of the Spaniards invading Peru and our Gallic enemy's proceedings in Switzerland, and other nations,

nations, which have been *fortunate enough to enjoy their lenient fraternization.*

The unprecedented patronage this play has experienced on the stage, and since its publication, reflects a high encomium on the national character. For, that person must be inately *good*, who applauds and *patronises virtue*, however little indiscretions and vices may fully his public actions.

To Kotzebue generally belong the invention, interest, character, and dramatic structure, of the piece: Mr. Sheridan has abridged some scenes, lengthened others, occasionally transposed the dialogue, omitted much, and much supplied. "The great merit of Mr. Sheridan" (says the editor of the Monthly Mirror) "lies in the composition. There are no foreign idioms or rugged sentences; he has clothed the sentiments of Kotzebue in his own language, and discovers the charms of style in all its exquisite variety, terseness, dignity, strength, plenitude, and harmony." Mr. Sheridan has perhaps done more for the minister and government by the loyal sentiments in this play than all the pamphlets, newspapers, and Antijacobins, during the present war. Thousands who cannot read, and as many more who read in vain, throng to see it, and, by seeing, must be instructed.

It has been said, by some of the remarkers on this play, that *Kotzebue is the body, but Sheridan is the soul.* Although this figure appears very fine, and is really an elegant rhetorical flourish, I conceive it not a *true* one. I would rather say, that *Kotzebue was the naked body*, and Sheridan had clothed and dressed him from his own wardrobe,

wardrobe, with suitable paraphernalia for the present season and *prevailing fashions of the times*.

Mr. Moreton, in his play of Columbus, has dramatized the pathetic story of Alonzo and Cora; but made them very different characters to what they were originally by Marmontel, or since by Kotzebue.

The play of Pizarro is very imperfect and incomplete in itself, being written by the author as a continuation of the Virgin of the Sun; which contains an interesting history of Rolla, and many highly comic situations and incidents.

The scenery at Drury-Lane is very grand and picturesque. I understand some of the scenes are from sketches by the ingenious Louthembourg. The wooden bridge over the tremendous chasm is one of the most striking views that any stage has exhibited.

When I commenced this work, I little anticipated the variety and complexness of the materials I should have to examine and investigate; nor had I the least intention of offering a *critical sentence* of my own upon the play; but the falsity of some, and scurrility of others, have provoked me to "take up arms against a sea of trouble, and, by opposing," I fear I shall not "end them."

I did intend to offer a few strictures on the players; but they, poor devils, are so bandied about by every would-be Thespian connoisseur, that a fellow-feeling has counteracted the momentary impulse. Besides, I conceive my pamphlet is swelled to a more than moderate length already, or I could insert other curious critiques; but compassion for the patience of my readers makes me finish with the following eulogium on this play.

Glowing

Glowing and animated, as the writing is, by a piety so pure and benovolent, a spirit of independence so exemplary, a love of justice and humanity so heroic, and a principle of magnanimity so exalted, it ought to be cherished as a national good; since it is calculated to inspire an enthusiasm in favour of the noblest virtues of the soul, and to rouse us from that ignominious apathy to the fate of our fellow-creatures, which is too truly imputable to the English at the *present time*.

THE END.

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